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Psalms and Hymns.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

Public, Social, and Private Worship;

PREPARED FOR

THE USE OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

THE PROFITS WILL BE DEVOTED TO WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF BAPTIST MINISTERS AND MISSIONARIES.

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PREFACE.

THE Editors of this Collection have endeavoured to include in one volume, and under a single arrangement, all that is essential to a Hymn-Book for the Sanctuary, the Closet, the Domestic Circle, and the Social Gathering.

The co-operation of many valued friends in the protracted labour of selection and revision has been of great service. Especially are the Compilers indebted to Authors who have most readily and generously permitted their compositions to be inserted, or who have furnished original Hymns: acknowledgments are here due to the Rev. Dr. Bonar, of Kelso, author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" to the Rev. T. Davis, of Leeds, author of "Devotional Verse for a Month;" to the Rev. T. T. Lynch, for Hymns from the "*Rivulet,*" *&c.*; to Miss *Catherine Winkworth, translator* of "Lyra

Germanica;" to Miss Caroline Dent, with several others. By the equally kind permission of the executors of Mr. Montgomery and those of Mr. Conder, the book is enriched with a large number of Hymns by these departed poets.

The labour has been on all sides a labour of love: its results are now dedicated to the service of the churches and to the glory of God.

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Psalms and Hymns.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

6.7.

1 *Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.* —Neh. 9. 5.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail, the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy;
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

L.M.

2 *Great is our Lord, and of great power.*—Ps. 147. 5.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound:
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great His might;
And all His glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
But treads the wicked to the dust.

5 His saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight:
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And owns and loves His image there.

3

C.M.

Canst thou by searching find out God?—Job 11. 7.

1 HOW shall I praise the Eternal God,
The infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne?

2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.

4 Justice upon the eternal throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While Mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

5 Now to my soul, immortal King!
Speak some forgiving word:
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

L.M.

4 *The Lord looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men.*—Ps. 33. 13.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.

2 He who can shake the worlds He made,
Or with His word, or with His rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
How condescending is our God!

3 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

5 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

C.M.

5 *He is faithful that promised.*—Heb. 10. 23.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, the mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the *performing God.*

3 *Proclaim salvation from the Lord*
For wretched dying men;

His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

6 C.M.

One generation shall praise Thy works to another.—Ps. 145. 4.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

5 *Thy glorious* deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;

Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is managed by Thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

7

L.M.

I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.—Ps. 145. 2.

1 MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise my song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear:
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy righteousness shall be my theme,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine.

4 Let distant times and nations raise,
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make the song
The joyful labour of their tongue.

5 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

8

L.M.

His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. 136. 1.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy *and truth are all His* ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of Hosts renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 Israel He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt His pity move within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

6.6.8.4.

9 *They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham.*—Gal. 3. 7.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.

Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest:
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
To see His face.
He is our faithful friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,—
We on His oath depend,—
We shall, on eagle-wing upborne,
To heaven ascend;
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We *join the heavenly lays,*
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

C.M.

10

How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God.—Ps. 36. 7.

1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
Our God is very kind!
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.

2 The Lord is great and powerful,
Our God is very high;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

3 The Lord is wise and wonderful,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
That all He does is well.

4 And "in His light we shall see light,"
Thereby to work and live;
And He shall be to us a rest
When evening hours arrive.

C.M.

11

Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.
—Ps. 102. 27.

1 LONG ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled His throne;
Ere man was formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

2 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills His own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

3 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The earth and heavens, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

4 *But let the sea* shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;

Our God shall live an endless day,
When all creation dies.

5 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime:
Eternity's His dwelling-place,
And Ever is His time.

C.M.

12 *Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*—Ps. 90. 1.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our *guard while life* shall last,
And our eternal home.

C.M.

13 *From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.*—Ps. 90. 2.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the Ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new!

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

L.M.

14 *The Lord reigneth; He is clothed with majesty.*—Ps. 93. 1.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! His throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 *His terrors keep* the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;

His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

L.M.

15 *Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.*
—Ps. 97. 12.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown,
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest cheer their eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of your Lord:
Come, magnify His glorious grace,
And triumph in His holiness.

148th.

16 *The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*—Rev. 19. 6.

1 THE Lord Jehovah *reigns,*
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;

His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law:
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works
His perfect wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And will this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

17

L.M.

I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Mal. 1. 14

1 THE Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

3 He reigns: ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King. your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

8.7.4.

18 *Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His holy hill.*
—Ps. 99. 9.

1 GOD the Lord is King—before Him,
Earth, with all thy nations, wait!
Where the cherubim adore Him,
Sitteth He in royal state:
He is holy;
Blessed, only Potentate!

2 God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world His fame;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of His faithfulness proclaim:
He is holy;
Holy is His awful name.

3 In old times when dangers darkened,
When invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened—
Answered them in all their fear:
He is holy;
As they called, they found Him near.

4 Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts! quickly broken;
Fiercely then His *vengeance* flowed:
He is holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

5 But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His face once more,
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore;
He is holy;
We too will His grace implore.

6 God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil:
Come, exalt Him, all the living;
Come, ascend His Zion still!
He is holy;
Worship at His holy hill.

19

S.M.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.—Ps. 103. 21.

1 THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fixed His throne on high,
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do His will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard His churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all His wondrous works
Through His vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing His praises too.

20

104th.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Ps. 145. 10.

1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and His love!

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old:
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

C.M.

21

The works of the Lord are great.—Ps. 111. 2.

1 GREAT is the Lord; His works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives His children food;
And ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

3 His *Son, the great Redeemer*, came
To seal His covenant sure:

Holy and reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

22

L.M.

Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens.—Ps. 57. 5.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be Thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

23

L.M.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.—Heb. 1. 8.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore Thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Before Thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday:
And as to-morrow shall Thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;—

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Shall all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

24

C.M.

Holy and reverend is His name.—Ps. 111. 9.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry
The angels when they sing.

2 Till in white robes we worship Thee
Among those heavenly ranks,
In memory of Thy holiness,
Lord, we would all give thanks.

3 Holy art Thou in all Thy works,
And truth is Thy delight,
Cleanse us, renew, and sanctify,
And make our darkness light.

4 Partakers of Thy holiness,
O Father, let *us be;*
And make us all so pure in heart,
That we our God may see.

L.M.

25 *O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me.*—Ps. 139. 1.

1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my feeble passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

L.M.

26 *Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.*—Jer. 23. 24.

1 FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see,
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 *We know not* in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be:

But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

S.M.

27 *Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His footstool.* —Ps. 99. 5.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His vengeance known,
When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

C.M.

28 *I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.*—Ps. 89. 1.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is His word.

2 The sacred truths His lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven *endure;*
And, *if He speak a promise once,*
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 Lord God of Hosts, Thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To Thine unchanging love.

29

8.7.

God is love.—1 John 4. 8.

1 GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkness seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove.
From the cloud His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

30

C.M.

My God shall supply all your need.—Phil. 4. 19.

1 MY God!—how cheerful is the sound,
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fixed His seat.

2 *What want* shall not our God supply
From His abundant stores?

What streams of mercy from on high
An arm Almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, His name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

31

C.M.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.—Ps. 103. 21.

1 O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets, crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
Eternal Father! infinite
In boundless majesty:

6 *Eternal Son! the Christ* who came
Redemption to confer:

Eternal Spirit! Holy Ghost,
The Almighty Comforter!

32 L.M.

Praise the Lord, all ye nations.—Ps. 117. 1.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CREATION.

33 C.M.

He that built all things is God.—Heb. 3. 4.

1 I SING the Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed all creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes His glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from His throne.

5 In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And tis His air I breathe.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye,
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

C.M.

34 *Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving.* —Ps. 95. 2.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice;
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach His awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in His spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

4 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before His face;
O may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace!

S.M.

35 *In all places of His dominion.*—Ps. 103. 22.

1 GOD of Almighty power,
How glorious are Thy ways!
Angels Thy majesty adore,
All creatures speak Thy praise.

2 *Wherever earth is fair,*
Or brighter worlds extend,

Almighty Sovereign, Thou art there,
Creation's Lord and Friend.

3 And where the stars are not,
Nor sun hath ever shone,
Beyond the flight of human thought,
There Thou art all alone.

4 Heaven is Thy glorious throne,
Earth does Thy footstool seem,
But Thy redeemed Thou dost own
Thy richer diadem.

5 And while they bless Thy name,
Hell trembles at Thy rod;
Earth, heaven, and hell Thy power proclaim,
All things proclaim Thee God.

36 C.M.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.—Ps. 33. 1.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of His name, His ways, His word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and His righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim:
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal His wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and Almighty word
The heavenly arches spread:
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bids the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before Him stand;

He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on His command.

6 Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bless us from Thy throne;
For we have made Thy word our choice,
And trust Thy grace alone.

C.M.

37 *And there was the hiding of His power.*—Hab. 3. 4.

1 HOW excellent, O Lord, Thy name
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, Thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

2 These lower works, that swell Thy praise
High as man's thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of Thy ways,
The hiding of Thy power.

3 Oh! shouldst Thou rend aside the veil,
And show Thy dwelling-place,
The souls which Thou hast made would fail;
'Twere death to see Thy face.

4 Can none behold that face and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near:
The Lord is kind and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

5 Millions before His presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at His right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

7s.

38 *It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.*—Ps. 100. 3.

1 O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;

Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame;
His, the mind's immortal flame:
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship:
And all creatures are His care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

C.M.

39 *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.*—Ps. 145. 10.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
In heavenly heights above,
With harp, and voice, and souls of fire,
Burning with perfect love.

2 Shine to His glory, worlds of light,
Ye million suns of space,
Ye moons and glistening stars of night,
Running your mystic race.

3 Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky
With crystal, crimson, gold;
And rainbow arches raised on high,
The Light of light unfold.

4 Shout to Jehovah, surging main,
In deep eternal roar:
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.

5 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

6 His name, ye forests, wave along:
Whisper it, every flower:
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song,
That tells His love and power.

7 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

8 Come, aged man, come, little child,
Youth, maiden, peasant, king;
To God in Jesus reconciled,
Your hallelujahs bring.

9 The Omnipresent Deity!
Maker of earth and heaven,
The great Redeeming Majesty!
To Him all praise be given.

C.M.

40 *Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.*
—Heb. 13. 15.

1 LORD of the world's majestic frame,
Stupendous are Thy ways;
Thy various works declare Thy name,
And all resound Thy praise.

2 The heavens Thy matchless skill display,
With all *the stars of light,*
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.

3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise Thee as they roll:

4 O shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of Thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can utter God's high praise;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.

6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days;
And in the realms of boundless joy
Eternal be Thy praise!

41

L.M.

The heavens declare the glory of God.—Ps. 19. 1.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

42

8.6.

I dwell in the high and holy place.—Isa. 57. 15.

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain;
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain:
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main:—

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways;
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 I hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou *art not there*:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
  But in the contrite breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
  There does His Spirit rest:
O come, Thou Presence Infinite!
  And make Thy creature blest.

C.M.

43

How excellent is Thy name in all the earth.—Ps. 8. 1.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
  Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament,
  How wonderfully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee!
  Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
  And sucklings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
  The work of Thy right hand,
The moon and stars amid the sky,
  Thy lights in every land;

4 Lord! what is man, that Thou shouldst deign,
  On him to set Thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
  Then fill a throne above?

5 O Lord, how excellent Thy name;
  How manifold Thy ways!
Let time Thy saving truth proclaim,
  Eternity, Thy praise.

L.M.

44

The Lord is good to all.—Ps. 145. 9.

1 YES, God is good,—in earth and sky,
  From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices ever cry,
"*God made* us all, and God is good."

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling host, all join to say
In accents clear, that "God is good."

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, "God is good."

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

5 Yes, "God is good," all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued,
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that "God is good."

6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word:—
These prompt our song that "God is good."

C.M.

45 *The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever.*—Ps. 33. 11.

1 LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 By His Almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appeared.

3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand *for ever sure:*
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

4 How happy then are they to whom
The Lord our God is known,
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for His own.

5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

C.M.

46 *The sea is His, and He made it; His hands formed the dry land.*—Ps. 95. 5.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

4 But the mild glories of Thy grace,
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

C.M.

47 *Invisible things . . . understood by the things that are made.*—Rom. 1. 20.

1 THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

4 One name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

8.7.4.

48 *Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.*—Isa. 45. 15.

1 MOUNTAINS by the darkness hidden
Are as real as in the day;
Be then unbelief forbidden
In a dreary hour to say,
"God hath left us;
Oh! why hath He gone away?"

2 When He folds the cloud about Him,
Firm within it stands His throne;
Wherefore should His children doubt Him,—
Those to whom His love is known?
God is with us,
We are never left alone.

3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,
Cannot run into the day;
God can lead the blind and seeing:
On Him wait, and for Him stay;
Be not fearful,
They who cannot sing can pray.

4 Oh! the bright, the vast creation
Can be terrible and stern;
From its stroke be no salvation
Though on every side we turn:
Lord of Nature,
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

5 Calm and blest is our composure,
When the secret is possest,
That our God, in full disclosure,
Hath to us His heart exprest:
Thou, O Saviour,
Hast been given to make us blest.

6 Time and space, O Lord, that show Thee
Oft in power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would:
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,
Father! Thou art understood.

THE

WORK OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

49 7s.

His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. 136. 1.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

50

S.M.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23. 1.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth *my soul reclaim;*
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 The bounties of His love
Shall crown my following days:
Nor from His house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak His praise.

C.M.

51

My God shall supply all your need.—Phil. 4. 19.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake His ways;
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

52

CM.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23. 1.

1 THE God of love my Shepherd is,
To watch me and to feed;
I shall not want, for I am His;
He careth for my need.

2 His gentle goodness leadeth me,
And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly,
The quiet waters by.

3 And so restoreth He my soul;
And when I wandering stray,
Weary and faint, He makes me whole,
And teaches His own way.

4 When darkness comes, and death is near,
I feel my Shepherd's rod;
And so I quite forget my fear,
And lean upon my God.

5 Thy comforts amid all my foes
My life, my spirit bless:
My cup of mercy overflows
With tender faithfulness.

6 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love,
Shall measure all my days,
Thy house below, Thy house above,
Shall witness to my praise.

53

11s.

I shall not want.—Ps. 23. 1.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest;
He leadeth my *soul where the* calm waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when *oppress.*

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since Thou art my Keeper, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay
No harm can befal with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!—
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy king-
dom of love.

54

L.M.

With Thee is the fountain of life.—Ps. 36. 9.

1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge;
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

5 *From the provisions* of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;

There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

55

L.M.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits. —Ps. 68. 19.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food:
Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 Tis to His care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of His love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

56

C.M.

Thou art my trust from my youth.—Ps. 71. 5.

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
In Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years Thou wast my guide,
And of *my youth the friend*;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4 My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat;
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet:

5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

6 Therefore in life I'll trust in Thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

57

C.M.

Forsake me not when my strength faileth.—Ps. 71. 9.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

3 Cast me not off in life's decline,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

58

8.7.4.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.—Ps. 73. 24.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

C.M.

59 *Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.*
—Ps. 77. 19.

1 THY way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold Thine awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love:
How little do I *know of Thee,*
Or of the joys above!

'Tis but in part I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight;

When will Thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
6 With rapture I shall then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

60

112th.

Thou leddest Thy people like a flock.—Ps. 77. 20.

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
Our table by Thy bounty spread,
Our wants supplied from day to day;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, Almighty love, is near.

61

C.M.

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints.—Ps. 89. 7.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at His word.
2 How terrible Thy glories be!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with Thee?
Or truth compared with Thine?
3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at Thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are Thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did Thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

C.M.

62 *Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us.*—Ps. 90. 17.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine:
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

2 Did we not raise our hearts to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself can give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

L.M.

63 *He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust.*—Ps. 91. 2.

1 *HE that hath made his refuge God,*
Shall find a most secure abode,

Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine Almighty arm my trust.

3 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
Thou art my life: Thy wings are spread
To shield me with a healthful shade.

4 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

5 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike His saints among the rest,
Their very pain and death is blest.

6 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil our best desire,
From sins and sorrows set us free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

C.M.

64

The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble.—Ps. 99. 1.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God;
Whate'er His sovereign voice hath formed,
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to His thought.

3 *If light attends* the course I run,
Tis He provides those rays;

And tis His hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

4 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of His deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

5 When He reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of His love,
The followers of the Lamb!

S.M.

65 *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.* —Ps. 103. 2.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 Tis He forgives thy sins;
Tis He relieves thy pain:
Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress.

6 *His wondrous works and ways*
He made by Moses known;

L.M.

68 *He led them forth by the right way.*—Ps. 107. 7.

1 GIVE thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 From age to age exalt His name;
God and His grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

4 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

5 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

C.M.

69 *He bringeth them unto their desired haven.*—Ps. 107. 30.

1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,

They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will:
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, if Thou preserve that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

70

C.M.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Ps. 121. 5.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom He designs to keep:
His ear attends the softest call;
His eye can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With His Almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ His power
For thine eternal *guard.*

5 *He shields thy soul, He keeps thy breath,*
Where thickest dangers come;

Go and return, secure from death,
Till God command thee home.

71

L.M.

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.—Ps. 121. 3.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the Everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood;
The heavens with all their host He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy Holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord: His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

72

L.M.

I will praise Thee with my whole heart.—Ps. 138. 1.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels who make Thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word:
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

73 C.M.

Thou understandest my thought afar off.—Ps. 139. 2.

1 IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a *bulwark prove,*
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by Sovereign Love.

74

C.M.

The Lord is good to all.—Ps. 145. 9.

1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

75

C.M.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness.—Ps. 145. 7.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields.

With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

76

113th.

While I live will I praise the Lord.—Ps. 146. 2.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 He loves His saints! He knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns:
Let every *tongue, let every age,*
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

77 C.M.

I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—Gen. 28. 15.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

78 C.M.

The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm.—Nah. 1. 3.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 *Ye fearful saints*, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

79 C.M.

He will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee.—Deut. 4. 31.

1 FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude Thy praise?

3 In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.

4 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see,
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

5 *Teach me in times of deep distress,*
To own Thy hand, my God!

And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.

6 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

7 Then shall I close my eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If Thou art with me there.

80

S.M.

His compassions fail not.—Lam. 3. 22.

1 HOW various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall Thy mercies show,
Each night Thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

5 How new Thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to Thee.

6 *And we expect a day*
Still brighter far than this,

When Christ shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

7 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

8 How various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity Thy love shall show,
And all Thy truth record.

81 C.M.

Hath given us everlasting consolation.—2 Thess. 2. 16.

1 COME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Proclaim aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

3 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you His treasure and His joy,
His children and His friends.

4 My Father God!—and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

5 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all *those comforts flow.*

6 *For ever let my grateful heart*
His bounteous grace adore;

Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

L.M.

82 *Thou, O God, hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor.*—Ps. 68. 10.

1 TO God, most awful and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky,
To Him on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Will He who hears the ravens' cry,
Reject our prayers, and bid us die?
Will He refuse His help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field?

3 Father of grace! whom we adore,
Bless Thy large family, the poor:
The poor on Thee alone depend;
Continue Thou the poor man's friend.

4 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain;
Meanwhile, by Thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

C.M.

83 *In all thy ways acknowledge Him.*—Prov. 3. 6.

1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 Since none can doubt His equal love,
Unmeasurably kind,
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies,
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

L.M.

84 *Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.*—Acts 26. 22.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

C.M.

85 *Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.*—Ps. 65. 11

1 GOD of our life! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand removes our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In *every scene of life, Thy care,*
In every age, we see,

And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may Thy love in every scene,
In every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee!

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

L.M.

86 *The Lord preserveth all them that love Him.*—Ps. 145. 20

1 OUR helper, God, we bless His name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far His arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make His mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

7s.

87 *The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered with corn.*—Ps. 65. 13.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:—

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:—

3 All that spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

4 God in Christ! to Thee we owe
All the mercies that we know,
And the gift—all gifts above,—
The great ransom of Thy love.

88

7s.

Thou renewest the face of the earth.—Ps. 104. 30.

1 PLEASING spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
Hark! the birds in artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.

2 Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow,
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest day.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me,
Let me feel like what I see;
Speak, and by Thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping heart rejoice.

4 On Thy garden deign to smile,
Cheer the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon Thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these *changes never* come!
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where tis spring throughout the year.

6 How unlike this state below!
There the flowers unwithering blow,
There no chilling blasts annoy,
All is love, and peace, and joy.

L.M.

89 *Thou preparest them corn when Thou has so provided for it.*—Ps. 65. 9.

1 LORD, to Thy bounteous care we owe
The clouds that cause our fields to grow,
And streams which through our valleys glide,
And fruitful crops of corn provide.

2 Thy rain makes soft the harrowed clod,
And numerous blades break through the sod,
Then, rising to the waving ear,
At length in ripened grain appear.

3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop;
Thy paths with fatness ever drop;
And teeming nature's cheerful voice
Seems in Thy bounty to rejoice.

4 The little hills have praising tongues;
The fruitful vales break forth in songs,
While numerous bleating flocks are seen,
Joyful among the pastures green.

5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
And joy shall animate each face:
With living spring our souls renew,
Our hearts shall leap and praise Thee too.

L.M.

90 *Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good.*—Ps. 104. 28.

1 GREAT God! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat;
Thou givest us the finest wheat!
The joys of harvest we have known:
The praise, O Lord! is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace,
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace;
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low:—

5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high,
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

91 C.M.

Seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease.—Gen. 8. 22.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at His voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth He keeps;
My tongue His goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with Thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

92

C.M.

Thy paths drop fatness.—Ps. 65. 11.

1 NOW let us raise our voices high,
And bless His liberal hand
Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
And smiles upon the land.

2 We praise Thy name for fruitful fields,
For autumn's ample store;
For all the comforts nature yields,
To bless both rich and poor.

3 Yes, gracious God, year after year,
We prove Thy kindness still;
Seed-time and harvest both appear,
Thy promise to fulfil.

4 But the provisions of Thy grace
All other gifts exceed;
May we Thine offers, Lord, embrace,
And on the Saviour feed.

5 Then, when the glorious morn shall come,
That all Thy saints shall rise,
Angels will bear the harvest home
To garners in the skies.

93

C.M.

Who can stand before His cold?—Ps. 147. 17.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart,
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,

Confined in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness, cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains!

6 Great source of light, Thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seat of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

C.M.

94 *To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses.*
—Dan. 9. 9.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through *hidden dangers, toils,* and deaths,
It cleared my dubious way;

And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 When worn with sickness oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

9 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

THE

WORK OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

C.M.

95 *God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world* —John 3. 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God:—

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Now, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

S.M.

96 *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.* —2 Cor. 5. 19.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its Chief-Beloved chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes His brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

'Twas Mercy filled the throne,
And Wrath *stood silent by,*
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease:
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call,
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

97

C.M.

God is my salvation.—Isa. 12. 2.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And songs of gladness sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

98

L.M.

According to His own purpose and grace.—2 Tim. 1. 9

1 NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given;

He saves from hell, we bless His name;
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

3 'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son
Before He spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, He brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

99 L.M.

The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song.—Isa. 12. 2.

1 GOD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, Thy saving power;
And to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption Thou hast wrought.

2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain;
And while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that laid us low.

3 Perish each thought of human pride;
Let God alone be magnified;
His glory let the heavens resound,
Borne from the earth's remotest bound.

4 Saints, who His full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,

With angel voices join to raise
The chorus of eternal praise.

7s.

100 *Christ, that died . . . maketh intercession for us.* —Rom. 8. 34.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee Thy grateful children sing;
Glad, Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

4 Christ, our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

5 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood;
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.

6 Glory be to Christ on high,
Praise redeeming majesty;
Light and Love come down from heaven,
Peace on earth and man forgiven.

C.M.

101 *In this was manifested the love of God.*—1 John 4. 9.

1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines;
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

3 But when we view Thy strange design
To save our rebel race,
Our souls adore with awe divine
Thy justice, and Thy grace.

4 When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh, the dear wonders of His cross,
The mystery of His groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright angels learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

102 C.M.

What is man . . . that Thou visitest him!—Ps. 8. 4.

1 O LORD our God, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

3 Lord what is man, or all his race,
Who dwell so far *below,*
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!—

4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm.

5 Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus our Lord! how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state,
Let the whole earth proclaim.

103

8.6.8.8.6.
God is light.—1 John 1. 5.

1 ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sigh
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss,
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known,
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight
  Of majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
  Through the Eternal Love.

104

7s.

How much owest thou unto my lord?—Luke 16. 5.

LORD, when we creation scan,
  See what Thou hast done for man,
Then our grateful hearts agree,
What a debt we owe to Thee.

Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see,
Tells the joy we owe to Thee.

Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice exprest,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells the life we owe to Thee.

But when we Redemption view,
Gaze on all Thy love could do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to Thee.

When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin,
Now from sin and sorrow free,
Our own selves we owe to Thee.

When we hear our Master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away,
Heaven awaits you," we shall see,
Lord, how much we owe to Thee!

105

C.M.

Thy sins are forgiven.—Luke 7. 48.

1 SALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 And may a weak, degenerate soul,
Sinful and dark as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

4 My Saviour God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

5 My Saviour God! this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all the angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

106

C.M.

So great salvation.—Heb. 2. 3.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 *Salvation*! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

112th.

107

Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity? —Micah 7. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself, divine!
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such dire offences to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare:
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,—
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,—
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,
This matchless miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

108

C.M.

His mercy is everlasting.—Ps. 100. 5.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

109 S.M.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. 2. 5.

1 GRACE! tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

L.M.

110 *Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.* —Matt. 9. 2.

1 FORGIVENESS! tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2 Tis the rich gift of love divine:
Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

C.M.

111 *According to His mercy He saved us.*—Titus 3. 5.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, *and shame.*

3 *Tis not by works of righteousness*
Which our own hands have done;

But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

4 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

112

C.M.

By the grace of God I am what I am.—1 Cor. 15

1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state,
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

113

7s.

Then shall I know even as also I am known.
—1 Cor. 13. 12.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When the pearly gate I gain,
Never to go out again;

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Drest in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

L.M.

114 *He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.* —Col. 1. 17.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God;
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things made,
By Him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 But lo! He leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy beheld His face,
The Eternal Father's *only* Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through His eyes the Godhead shone.

5 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

C.M.

115

The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings. —Isa. 61. 1.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

7s.

116

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Son of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

5 Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home!
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

7 Adam's likeness now efface;
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

8.7.

117 *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.*
—Luke 2. 14.

1 HARK! what means those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory, in *the highest, glory!*
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth, His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

118 C.M.

On earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2. 14.

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die!

6 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

119

8.7.4.

They . . . fell down and worshipped Him.—Matt. 2. 11.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 *Sinners, wrung with true repentance,*
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;

Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

120

11.10.

We have seen His star in the east.—Matt. 2. 2.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

121

L.M.

A multitude of the heavenly host praising God.
—Luke 2. 13.

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky:
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came:
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

5 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

8.6.8.6.8.8.

122

Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given.
—Isa. 9. 6.

1 THINK on the mercy of our God,
Our great Redeemer's love;
How the dim waste of earth He trod,
And left His throne above;
And all frail man, His foe, to save,
And show him hopes beyond the grave.

2 He came not in a warrior's path,
With mighty armies strong;
He came not as a God in wrath,
Avenging Judah's wrong:—
To preach on earth His Father's word,
A little child, came Christ the Lord.

3 Glad was our Saviour's natal morn,
Angels rejoiced in heaven
That "*unto us a Child is born,*
To us a Son is given;"

And angels left their home on high,
To tell of Christ's nativity.

123

7s.

Call His name Immanuel.—Isa. 7. 14.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Immanuel's name:
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came the angels sung,
Glory be to God on high!
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak!

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end!

124

C.M.

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
—John 1. 14.

1 INFINITE pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.

2 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

3 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

4 To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine.

5 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.

C.M.

125

The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet Thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which Thy mercy came.

2 While all Thine own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King:—

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st Thy glory by;
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine,
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

C.M.

126

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.—Zech. 9. 9.

1 JOY *to the world; the Lord* is come!
Let earth receive her King,

Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

127 S.M.

He hath visited and redeemed His people.—Luke 1, 68.

1 TO His own world He came,
To earth's most favoured spot;
Jesus, Immanuel, His name,
Yet Israel knew Him not.

2 Son of the Father's love,
Effulgence of His light,
He left His glorious court above,
To suffer man's despite.

3 He came to suffer death,
And, bleeding for His foes,
Spoke pardon with His dying breath,
And peace when He arose.

4 His latest moments here
In benediction passed:
To those who saw Him disappear,
That action was His last.

5 But, having reached His throne,
He sent down from above
His promised Spirit, to make known
The riches of His love.

6 Ye who have felt that flame,
On whom that grace is poured,
Go, in His Spirit, to proclaim
Salvation in the Lord.

128

L.M.

He hath done all things well.—Mark 7. 37.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To Jesus we our voices raise;
Jesus who deigned on earth to dwell,
Who while on earth did all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine,
In all His works unrivalled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That He alone did all things well.

3 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
Or dark and sorrowful our days;
And though our spirit oft rebel,
We know He still does all things well.

4 And when we stand before His throne,
And all His ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus has done all things well.

129

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.

A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.—Isa. 53. 3

1 MAN of sorrows, and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that *on Thee lay.*
Had *I seen Thee clothed* in weakness,
Bearing our reproach with meekness,

To attend Thee day and night,
Would have been my heart's delight.

2 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt His kind embrace!
O disciple! once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

3 Oft to prayer by night retreated,
See Him from all search withdrawn:
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witnessed still the morning dawn:
There, where He made intercession,
I had poured forth my confession,
And where o'er my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

4 Should I thus to Thee have cleaved,
Midst Thy poverty and woes,
On Thee, as my Lord, believed?—
Or perhaps have joined Thy foes?
Ah! Thy mercy I had spurned;
But Thyself my heart has turned:
Now Thou know'st beneath, above,
Nought compared with Thee I love.

130

S.M.

He beheld the city and wept over it.—Luke 19. 41

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 *The* Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see!

Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

131

L.M.

I have given you an example.—John 13. 15.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptation knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

132

C.M.

Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.—1 Pet. 2. 21.

1 ALIKE in happiness and woe,
Lord, we will follow Thee;
And tread the path Thyself didst go,
Whate'er that path may be.

2 With earnest zeal 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's *will:*
O *may such zeal our souls excite,*
His precepts to fulfil.

3 If in some dark affliction's day,
Our path through sorrow run,
May we, like Thee, have grace to say,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

4 In Thee a sacred burning love
Through all Thy course did shine:
O may such love in us too prove
That we, O Lord, are Thine.

5 Supported by Almighty grace,
We'll tread the heavenly road,
And carefully Thy footsteps trace,
Which lead to Thine abode.

133

C.M.

Who went about doing good.—Acts 10. 38

1 BEHOLD! where, in the friend of man,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He laboured for their good.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed and said,—
"*Thy* will, not Mine, be done."

6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear!
O may we tread His sacred steps,
And His bright glories share!

134

C.M.

Peace, be still.—Mark 4. 39.

1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed:

2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there who rose and said
To the wild sea—"Be still."

3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast:
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

4 O Thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek spirit forth in power
Soft on our souls to brood.

5 Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
O speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still."

135

C.M.

Miracles . . . which God did by Him in the midst of you.—Acts 2. 22.

1 OH, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,

And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire;
And strong ones heal the weak, who waste
Their life in sad desire.

3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake,
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A living loathsome grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, Tis He can save!

4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Tis only He can save:
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here,
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine:—thy needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?—
"I come," saith Christ, "I come!"

136

7s.

And He healed them all.—Matt. 12. 15.

1 WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in His bosom reigned;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possest;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blest.

3 He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal He fed;
Winds and waves He could control;
By a word He raised the dead.

4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give,
Hungering, sick, and faint, I come;
Let me in Thy presence live,
Lead me to my heavenly home.

5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
Be Thy grace by me possest;
Touch me, and I shall be healed;
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

137

L.M.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.
—Matt. 11. 28.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "*Come, wanderers, to My Father's home;*
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"

Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

6.10.

138

The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.
—Luke 9. 58.

1 BIRDS have their quiet nests, [bed;
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.

3 I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once bade His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn;

4 O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of His face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head.

7 *On earth* Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin;

O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

7s.

39 *The glory as of the only begotten of the Father.*
—John 1. 14.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

7s.

40 *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*
—Phil. 2. 5.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
See the Lord of life arraigned:
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun *not suffering, shame,* or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete!
"It is finished!" hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

7s.

141 *Who offered up prayers with strong crying and tears —Heb. 5. 7.*

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy day of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry!
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

8.6.8.6.8.8.

142

And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly.
—Luke 22. 44.

1 HE knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour:
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow *Him!*
That He, who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He proved them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round His head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way? [trod;
Through Him, through Him, that path who
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

143

112th.

Blessed are they that have not seen.—John 20. 29.

1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 *We stood* not by the empty tomb,
Where late Thy sacred body lay,

Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee on the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

6.6.10.

144

He humbled himself and became obedient unto death. —Phil. 2. 8.

1 THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won, [on high.
Hast passed from earth,—passed to Thy home

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife; [bowed,
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was
Raise *Thou our eyes above,*
To see a Father's love,
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread, [Thee.
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to

C.M.

145

He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem. —Luke 9. 51.

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in His breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

2 Goodwill to man and zeal for God
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized in blood,
He pants to reach the cross.

3 With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task His spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged Him on.

4 Lord, while Thy matchless sorrows here
Engage our wondering eyes;
Teach us our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

C.M.

146

Seen of angels.—1 Tim. 3. 16.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine;
Before Him, in transported lays,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalties above."

4 And whilst He stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain;
They cast their honours at His feet,
And waited in His train.

5 In all His toils and dangerous paths
They did His steps attend,
Oft paused, and wondered how at last
The scene of love would end.

6 As on the torturing tree He hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die!

7 They saw Him burst the gates of death,
And quell the tyrant's power;
And when the Conqueror arose,
They hailed the blessed hour.

8 They thronged His chariot up the skies,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

(*See also* LORD'S SUPPER.)

L.M.

147 *Having made peace through the blood of His cross.* —Col. i. 20.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every *labour of His hands*
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But, in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, tis fairest drawn,
With precious blood, in crimson lines.

3 Here His whole Name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would for ever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

148 C.M.

Christ suffered, the just for the unjust.—1 Pet. 3. 18.

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That sinners lost might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Jesus! my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free:
And may I hope that love extends
Its saving power to me?

5 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only Thine.

C.M.

149 *The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*
—Isa. 53. 6.

1 THE Saviour comes; no outward pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh,
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a Man of woe!
Grief was His heavy burden here,
Through all His life below.

3 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
And ours the woes He bore;
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

4 His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain;
His stripes have healed us, and His death
Revived our souls again.

5 All we like sheep had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road:
On Him were man's transgressions laid:
He bore the mighty load.

6 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven;
He lives to bless them, and defend,
And plead their cause in Heaven.

7 O God the Son, who lowly came
Lost sinners to restore,
All *glory to Thy holy name,*
All glory evermore.

C.M.

150

He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin —2 Cor. 5. 21.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a wretch as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the Incarnate Maker died
For man, His creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
O Lord, I give myself away!
Tis all that I can do.

C.M.

151

He said, It is finished.—John 19. 30.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell:
Tis finished! said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 Tis finished! our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall His sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,

When, through the regions of the dead,
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

152

L.M.

Christ both died, and rose, and revived.—Rom. 14. 9.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
Tis all that sinners want below,
Tis all the ransomed know above.

153

L.M.

We have redemption through His blood.—Col. 1. 14.

1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns His breath,
And pours His life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 Here we have washed our deepest stains,
And healed our wounds with heavenly blood;
Blest fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our Incarnate God.

4 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be Thine.

154 5.5.11.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—Lam. 1. 12.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your Surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father hath punished for you His dear Son:
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 He dies to atone
For sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done:
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive."

4 For you and for me,
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free:

The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

5 His death is my plea,
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered [for me:
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace; [place!
O Father, Thou knowest He hath died in my

155 L.M.

O grave, I will be thy destruction.—Hos. 13. 14.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies!
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout His welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

C.M.

156

A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness —Zech. 13. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

157

112th.

Being in an agony.—Luke 22. 44.

1 OH, never, never can we know
The Saviour's deep, mysterious woe;
The secret of that anguish sore,
Which wrung His frame from every pore;
The burden of that awful cry,
When He for us vouchsafed to die.

2 Yes, man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave;
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved, expire,

From love, or piety, or pride;—
But who can die as Jesus died?

3 For, fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
Is all of love that man can know,
All that in angel breast can glow,
Compared, O blessed Lord! with Thine,
Eternal, infinite, divine!

S.M.

158 *He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.* —Heb. 10. 14.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

159 *Not to know anything . . . save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*—1 Cor. 2. 2.

1 VAIN, *delusive world, adieu,*
With all of creature good!

Only Jesus I pursue,
  Who bought me with His blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
  And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
  On Jesus to depend,
Daily in His grace to grow,
In His favour to abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

3 Him in all my works I seek,
  Who hung upon the tree;
Only of His love I speak,
  Who freely died for me;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

8.7.

160

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross. —Gal. 6. 14.

1 IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
  Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
  Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
  Light and love upon my way,

From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

161

7s.

Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luke 24. 5.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies;
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave,
Doubt no more His power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

162

7s.

He is risen.—Mark. 16. 6.

1 ANGELS, *roll the rock* away,
Death, resign thy mighty prey:

See the Saviour quit the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see Him rise;
Troops of angels on the road
Hail and sing the Incarnate God.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Gracious Hero! through them ride;
King of glory! mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine own.

4 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres,
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong!

5 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and conquered hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

163

S.M.

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke 24. 34.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes! we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is His work performed;
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then hell has lost its prey:

He rises, with His ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

5 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels hear,
And to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

6 While on their golden lyres
They strike each cheerful chord,
We join the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

164

7s.

The first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men, and angels say;
Raise your joy and triumph high!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of *glory! Soul of bliss!*
Everlasting life is this:

Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

165

148th.

Thou hast led captivity captive.—Ps. 68. 18.

1 THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuses them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done,
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

166

8.8 6.

Christ both died, and rose, and revived.—Rom. 14. 9

1 JESUS, who died the world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By His Almighty power;
From sin and death He sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour clothed with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears:
In heaven your mansions He prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still His joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her He did redeem;
The members of that church He knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall reign with Him.

148th.

167 *Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more.*
—Rom. 6. 9.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet!
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to day."

4 Ye mortals, *catch the sound,*
Redeemed by Him from hell;

And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood!
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

168

8.8.6.

The beginning, the firstborn from the dead.—Col. 1. 18.

1 O JOYFUL sound! O glorious hour!
When Christ by His Almighty power
Arose, and left the grave:
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who broke the chains of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

2 The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,—
They share their leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

3 No more we tremble at the grave;
For He, who died our souls to save,
Will raise our bodies too:
What though this earthly house shall fail,—
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

P.M.

169 *Afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.*—1 Cor. 15. 23.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die!"

2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy:
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bids us immortal to Heaven ascend;
Lift up your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

C.M.

170 *Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*—Matt. 28. 6.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands He rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His let every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
Through all the shining way.

171

C.M.

Who hath abolished death.—2 Tim. 1. 10.

1 BRIGHT sunbeams deck the joyful sky,
Hosannas fill the air,
All heaven is shouting, Victory,
And hell is in despair.

2 This morn our mighty King arose
From death's infernal cave,
And many a saint to welcome Him
Hath left his ancient grave.

3 In vain they sealed the sepulchre,
In vain they watched His tomb;
The Lord hath gained the victory,
And death is overcome.

4 Then weep no more at death's dark power,
Let no more tears be shed;
For Christ, the vanquisher of death,
Is risen from the dead.

5 To Him, who battle did with death,
In pain and peril sore,
To Him, who gained the victory,
Be praises evermore.

172

C.M.

Though He was crucified . . . yet He liveth.
—2 Cor. 13. 4.

1 O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!

Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of earth are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

173 C.M.

Thou hast ascended on high.—Ps. 68. 18.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With *scars of honour in His flesh,*
And triumph in His eyes!

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our Incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

174

L.M.

The King of glory shall come in.—Ps. 24. 7.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right:
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, who?—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory, who?—
The Lord of boundless power possest;
The King of saints, and angels too!
God over all, for ever blest!

75 7s.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. 7. 25.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin:
Take the King of glory in.

Highest heaven its Lord receives;
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Still for us He intercedes;
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place;
Great Forerunner of our race.

What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height,
May our warm affections rise,
Following Him beyond the skies.

148th.

76 *A great high priest, that is passed into the heavens.* —Heb. 4. 14.

THE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

No temple made with hands
His place of service *is;*
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:

In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

177

7.8.

Behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev. 1. 18.

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

178

7s.

The man, Christ Jesus.—1 Tim. 2 5.

1 CHRIST to heaven is gone before
In the body here He wore;

He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.

2 All the angels wondering own
Tis our nature on the throne;
"How He loved them! Behold!"
Trembles on the harps of gold.

3 Fear not, ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
Death, no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.

4 And before each fainting one,
Dreading the dark way alone,
Now appear His footsteps bright,
Far diffusing holiest light.

5 As our Shepherd He is there,
With the comfort of His care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.

179

7s.

The power of His resurrection.—Phil. 3. 10.

1 JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er?
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I yet shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be;
Shall I fear then? can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

3 Close *to Him my soul is bound,*
In the bonds of hope enclasped;

Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasped;
Death shall ne'er my soul remove
From its refuge in Thy love.

180

9.6.

I am He that liveth, and was dead.—Rev. 1. 18.

1 OH! show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

2 Weep not for Him at Calvary's station;
Weep only for thy sins:
View where He lay with exultation;
Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the Great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save.

Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
Lord Jesus! own me then.

L.M.

181 *The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.* —Ps. 68. 17.

1 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That countless souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

182 C.M.

God is gone up with a shout.—Ps. 47. 5.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land its tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 *While angels shout and praise* their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;

Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song:
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood His ancient throne:
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

L.M.

183 *The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven.* —2 Thess. 1. 7.

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came:
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind;
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, once wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Opprest by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene,—the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

184

8.7.4.

Behold, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. 1. 7.

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer Thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

6 Yea, amen! *let all adore Thee,*
High on Thine exalted throne!

Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

185

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

I will come again.—John 14. 3.

1 THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder;
Beneath His feet was blackest night,
And at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet sound, and angel song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

186

S.M.

What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch
—Mark 13. 137.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch, tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

187 *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.* Rev. 20. 12.

1 GREAT God, what do we see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead whom they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies;
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great *Judge! to Thee* our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;

O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial-day,
With wakeful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

188

C.M.

The former things are passed away.—Rev. 21. 4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the high heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God.

4 His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

189

L.M.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven.
—2 Thess. 1. 7.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;—

3 *Oh! on that day, that awful day,*
When man to judgment wakes from clay

Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

L.M.

190

The glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour.—Titus 2. 13.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood:
Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our immortal King,
Be everlasting power confest,
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds He comes,
All heaven and earth their Sovereign own;
And saints, uprising from their tombs,
Triumphant gather round His throne.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord; nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.

S.M.

191

For God shall bring every work into judgment.—Ecc. 12. 14.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When *earth and heaven* before His face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's gracious voice,
What welcome tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

192

8.8.6.

He cometh to judge the earth.—Ps. 96. 13.

1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt [come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought!
What, if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent—prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
In this, the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

148th.

193 *Watch, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*—Matt. 24. 42.

1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, He comes, to call
The nations to His bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky;
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all His saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, His face.

4 Ye, that have here received
The unction from above,
And in His spirit lived,
And thirsted for His love:
Jesus shall claim you for His bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel-powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7.7.7.5.

194 *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of gra*
—Heb. 4. 16.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, broken, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then;
Jesus, hear and save!

THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.

L.M.

195 *They shall fear Thee . . . throughout all generati*
—Ps. 72. 5.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son;
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands:
All heaven submits to His commands:
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

S.M.

196 *Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.* —Ps. 2. 6.

1 WHAT though the people rage,
And kings with counsels vain,
Against the Omnipotent engage,
And spurn Messiah's reign;

2 The anointed Son shall still
As Monarch be enthroned,
With regal pomp on Zion's hill—
Zion long loved and owned.

3 All empires shall be claimed
As His from sea to sea;
For Him this beauteous world was framed,
And His the world shall be.

4 Those who resist His sway
His anger shall devour;
And broken like the potter's clay,
Shall be their pride and power.

5 Kings! rulers! men! be wise;
The day of grace is *now;*
Ere *yet His kindling wrath* arise,
Low at His footstool bow.

197

L.M.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea.—Ps. 72. 8.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

198

L.M.

I have the keys of hell and of death.—Rev. 1. 13.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is His,
And sovereign power becomes Him well.

2 *In shame* and sorrow once He died;
But now He lives for evermore:

Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord;
Subdue Thy foes and guard Thy friends;
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That Thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy Thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth Thy name be known:
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimest anthems near Thy throne.

199

148th.

Rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies.—Ps. 110. 2.

1 ALL hail, Incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of Thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold;
Still does Thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To Thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To Thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to Thee, all conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own Thy gentle sway:
O may *it bless our longing eyes,*
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be Thy reign:
Behold the nations sue
To wear Thy gentle chain;
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

200

C.M.

King of kings, and Lord of lords.—Rev. 19. 16.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

201

7. 6.

His name shall endure for ever.—Ps. 72.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee:
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 *For Him shall prayer unceasing*
And daily vows ascend;

His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

202

8.6.8.6.8.8.

Neither shall they learn war any more.—Isa. 2. 4.

1 THROUGH centuries of sin and woe
Hath streamed the crimson flood,
While man, in concert with the foe,
Hath shed his brother's blood:
Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And let the cruel war-cry cease.

2 In vain, mid clamours loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose,
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes:
Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.

3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud unanswered cry;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie;
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Let hatred die, and love increase.

4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love;
O send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God.
Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And give the weary world release.

148th.

203 *Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.*
—Ps. 149. 2.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

5 Rejoice *in glorious hope!*
Jesus the Judge shall come

And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

148th.

204

The uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession. —Ps. 2. 8.

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes His cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies:
The infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

3 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now Himself He shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss His subjects meet.

4 All power is in His hand,
His people to defend:
To His most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves His cause,
And distant isles receive His laws.

205

8.7.4.

In Thy majesty ride prosperously.—Ps. 45. 4.

1 LET us sing the King Messiah—
King of righteousness and peace;

Hail Him, all His happy subjects,
Never let His praises cease:
Ever hail Him,
Never let His praises cease.

2 How transcendent are Thy glories,
Fairer than the sons of men;
While Thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign!

3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero!
Make the word of truth Thy car;
Prosper in Thy course majestic;
All success attend Thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow!

4 Majesty, combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To insure Thy blessed conquests,
On, great Prince assert Thy right!
Ride triumphant,
All around the conquered globe!

5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own Thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know Thee bless Thy reign.

C.M.

206

Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.—Mark 12. 17.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to Thy *majesty*
Our first obedience owe.

2 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made,
To be the Lord's alone.

207

C.M.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.—Ps. 45. 6.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

3 Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule Thy saints by love.

208

S.M.

The Lord reigneth.—Ps. 99. 1.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord:
Bright angels His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

3 In Zion is His throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

4 How holy is His name!
How terrible His praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment, join
In all His works of grace.

209

7s.

He shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. 11. 15.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! *Christ in God,*
God in Christ is All in all.

210

8.7.8.7.7.7.

There was given Him dominion and glory.—Dan. 7. 14.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He fills yon azure throne!
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day!
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

211

C.M.

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—2 Tim. 2. 12.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their bliss to know
The fulness of His love.

6 His cross to them is life and health,
Though it was death to Him;
Their present hope, and joy, and wealth,
And their eternal theme.

212

C.M.

All nations shall flow unto it.—Isa. 2. 2.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide,
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then—O come from every land
To worship at His shrine:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

213

S.M.

He must reign.—1 Cor. 15. 25.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing;
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

214

7.6.

All flesh shall see the salvation of God.—Luke 3. 6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;—
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

215 L.M.

All nations shall serve Him.—Ps. 72. 11.

1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.

2 Come from the East,—with gifts, ye kings,
With gold, and *frankincense*, and myrrh:
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

3 Come from the West,—the bond, the free,
His easy service make your choice:
Ye isles of the Pacific sea—
Ye thousand isles—in God rejoice.

4 Come from the South,—through desert-sand
A highway for the Lord prepare:
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.

5 Come from the North,—let Europe raise,
In all her languages one song:
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to His holy name belong.

6 For He hath bowed the heavens above,
And at His feet the mountains flowed;
He came; but not in wrath,—in love,
To make with men His pure abode.

7 With smiles, O Earth! thy Maker meet;
Nations, before your Saviour fall:
Redemption is in Him complete:
The Gospel now is preached to all.

216 C.M.

Declare His glory among the heathen.—Ps. 96. 3.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord His way!

5 Behold He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

8.7.4.

217 *The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto Thee.* —Isa. 60. 5.

1 O THOU everlasting Father,
Give the kingdom to Thy Son:
He has died that He might gather
All God's children into one:
For the travail
Of His soul, let this be done.

2 Then the North, in darkness shrouded,
Jacob's rising star shall bless!
And the Eastern morn unclouded,
Bring the Son of Righteousness,
Cheering, healing
Souls in danger and distress.

3 Then her swarthy sons and daughters
Afric to the Cross shall bring;
And the angel of the waters
Hear the Coral Islands sing
Hallellujah!
Till the whole Pacific ring.

4 Yea, it must be: Thou hast spoken,
And Thy covenant shall last:
Though the arch of heaven were broken,
And the earth's foundations cast
Down to ruin;
Yet Thy word, O God, stands fast.

5 On Thy holy hill of Zion,
Hast Thou not ordained His seat?
Now as Judah's conquering Lion,
Lay all foes beneath His feet,
Till His armies
In eternal triumph meet.

218

S.M.

All nations . . shall glorify Thy name.—Ps. 86. 9.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

219

C.M.

The gospel must first be published among all nations.—Mark 13. 10.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine:
And in Thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race,
Unveiling Thy Divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of His saving love?

5 O Lord, each faithful effort own
To spread the gospel rays:
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

L.M.

220 *Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.*
—Isa. 51. 9.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea!

3 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound,
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.

CHARACTERS AND TITLES OF CHRIST.

L.M.

221 *The first-born of every creature.*—Col. 1. 15.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make *His beauties* known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is He a Rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields,
Or if the Lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

4 Is He a Vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine!

5 Is He the Head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives;
The saints below and saints above
Partake His Spirit and His love.

6 Is He a Rock? How firm He proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Whilst the sweet streams that from Him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

7 Is he a Way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

8 Is He a Door? I'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

9 Is he a Star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light:
I know His glories from afar;
I know the bright, the morning Star.

10 Is He a Sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness,
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears,

11 *O let me* climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!

There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the Incarnate God.

12 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears,
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

148th.

222 *He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.* —2 Cor. 10. 17.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone:
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 *My Saviour and my Lord,*
My Conqueror and my King!

Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power, behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

6 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

223 C.M.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus.—Matt. 1. 21.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

C.M.

224 *Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.*
—1 Pet. 2. 7.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath:
And, dying, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

225 8.7.8.7.8.8.
Thou shalt call His name Jesus.—Matt. 1. 21.

1 O JESUS, sweetest, holiest name
To God's dear children given;
A solace in their weariness,
A foretaste of their heaven:
To every mourning, anxious breast,
It whispers everlasting rest.

2 No name has such a power as this
To heal the broken-hearted,
And point *the soul to realms* of bliss,
O'er earthly hopes departed:

Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

4 Come, dearest Lord, extend Thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

L.M.

229 *The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*
—Heb. 13. 8.

1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
The immortal honour of Thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make His ceaseless glories known.

2 Through all revolving ages, He
The same hath been, the same shall be:
Immortal radiance gilds His head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

3 The same His power His flock to guard;
The same His bounty to reward;
The same His faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise His chosen high,
And fix them near His stedfast throne,
In glories changeless as His own.

L.M.

230 *Whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.*
—Heb. 6. 20.

1 JESUS the Lord, our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High on His Father's throne He reigns,
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

2 Yet, midst the honours of that throne,
He joys not for Himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

3 Raise, raise my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see
Entered beyond the veil for thee.

4 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

7s.

231

I will love him and will manifest Myself to him.
—John 14. 21.

1 SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,—
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,—
Lord Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of Glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy *glory I shall see,*
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

232

C.M.

I am the way, and the truth, and the life.—John 14. 6.

1 THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

233

L.M.

Neither is there salvation in any other.—Acts 4. 12.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—
Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living Way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let Thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

234 L.M.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way.—John 14. 6.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's high-way of holiness—
I'll go; for all His paths are peace.

This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.

Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt now receive me as I am!
My sinful self to Thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold! the Way to God.

235 C.M.

Ye are complete in Him.—Col. 2. 10.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

Christ *is my Prophet, Priest,* and King:
My Prophet full of light,

My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below: and He shall be
My glory-crown above.

236 L.M.

The Lord our Righteousness.—Jer. 23. 6.

1 JESUS, Thy robe of righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While, through Thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

37 C.M.

The Lord our Righteousness.—Jer. 23. 6.

SAVIOUR Divine! we know Thy name.
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art Thine Israel's boast.

Guilty we plead before Thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch His gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the guilt of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

That spotless robe, which He hath wrought
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to Thee,
And wait the promised crown.

L.M.

38 *Who of God is made unto us . . . . righteousness.*
—1 Cor. 1. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light,
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our *guilty souls are drowned* in tears,
'Till His atoning blood appears;

Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness:
Thou art our mighty All; and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

S.M.

239

The Day-spring from on high hath visited us.
—Luke 1. 78.

1 ALL hail! redeeming Lord,
Sweet Day-spring from on high;
All hail, Thou Sun of Righteousness!
Bring Thy salvation nigh.

2 In deepest shades of death,
The borders of despair,
We lie opprest with heavy gloom,
And constant fetters wear.

3 Shine, lovely Star of day,
Around and in us shine,
And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.

4 Our wandering footsteps guide,
Through all this desert land:
Beneath Thy beams we'll trace the path
That leads to God's right hand.

5 *Death*'s vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheered with Thy vital ray,

And open to our longing eyes
The bliss of perfect day.

240 L.M.

We have an Advocate with the Father—1 John 2. 1.

HE lives; the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

C.M.

241 *I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with Me where I am.*—John 17. 24.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

With cries and tears He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with *authority He asks,*
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all who come to God by Him
Salvation He demands,
Points to their names upon His breast,
And spreads His wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to His claim:
"Father, I will that all My saints,
Be with Me where I am:

5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured,
Just to the merits of Thy Son,
And faithful to Thy word."

6 Eternal life, at His request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

7 Let the much incense of Thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.

L.M.

242

I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord —Isa. 63. 7.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
*His lo*ving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud;
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

243

112th.

Christ is all and in all.—Col. 3 11.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine;
And lo, from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy and everlasting love;
To me with Thy dear name are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain:
The *medicine of my broken* heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain:

My joy beneath the worldling's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my Almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour:
My help and stay, whene'er I call;
My life in death—my All in all.

244

8.7.8.7.7.

I have called you friends. —John 15. 15.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought;
We shall love Thee as we ought.

L.M.

245

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. —Prov. 18. 42.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt:
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

5 Ah! no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart,
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah! no: when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

C.M.

246

A friend loveth at all times.—Prov. 17. 17.

1 A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise His name!
Whose *truth and kindness* are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need His helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course:
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil His face
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.

5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself He gives us still.

6 Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm His word obeys;
His word its rage restrains.

247

8.8 8.6.

He ever liveth to make intercession.—Heb. 7. 25.

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hours draw near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
Dear Saviour plead for me.

248 C.M.

He . . . hath an unchangeable priesthood.—Heb. 7 24.

1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt:
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not their own,
Did they within the veil appear,
Before the golden throne:

6 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.

7 He ever lives, to intercede
Before His Father's face:
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

249

C.M.

A bruised reed shall He not break.—Matt. 12. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
It overflows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

L.M.

250 *Having a great High Priest, over the house of God.* —Heb. 10. 21.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief,

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

C.M.

251 *The names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate.* —Ex. 28. 29.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate *His constant care,*
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned;

3 The names of all His saints he bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on *my* breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

C.M.

252

Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.—Heb. 7. 17.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay!
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

253

S.M.

A shadow of good things to come.—Heb. 10. 1.

1 O LORD, refresh thy flock!
Athirst to Thee they cry;
Thou art the spiritual Rock,
Whence they must drink, or die.

2 O Lord! our sickness heal!
Thou, in our sufferings sore,
Wast lifted up, that we might feel,
Sin's poisonous fangs no more.

3 Preserve us, Lord, from death!
Thou art the Lamb, whose blood,
Sprinkled o'er Israel's doors in faith,
A token was for good.

4 With many a bitter herb,
Of wishes dear subdued,
Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim-garb,
We take Thee for our food.

5 Away those types are cast,
And now Thyself we see;
Yet let each hint that cheered the past
Still lift our hearts to Thee.

254

C.M.

A door of hope.—Hos. 2. 15.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless His name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the Door;

Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may Thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home.

255

L.M.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?—Jer. 8. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

3 There is a Great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in His heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

256

C.M.

A sure Foundation.—Isa. 28. 16.

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

C.M.

257

Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.
—Isa. 33. 17.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In Him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld His face,
Can you forbear His praise?

4 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period, glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

258

C.M.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.—Rev. 5. 12.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

259

8.7.

And they sung a new song.—Rev. 5. 9.

1 HARK, the notes of angels singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.

3 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise;
Though despised on earth and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.

4 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

5 Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name:
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

6.4.

260 *Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour.* —Rev. 4. 11.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His name!
Angels, His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints, cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting *with heart and voice,*
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him we'll tribute bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

C.M.

261

Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Th blood.—Rev. 5. 9.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 These odours are the prayers of saints,
These sounds the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb who once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

262

C.M.

A Lamb as it had been slain.—Rev. 5. 6.

1 HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
Angels and men with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Myriads of spirits round the throne
Behold, with wondering eyes,
God's holy undefiled One,
Once made a sacrifice.

3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of His love;
Redemption does new joy create
Amongst the hosts above.

4 Beneath His feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave:
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim His power to save.

5 They tell the triumphs of His cross,
The sufferings which He bore:
How low He stooped, how high He rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

6 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Our Saviour well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

263

C.M.

Not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory.
—Ps. 115. 1.

1 NOT unto us, but Thee alone,
Blest Lamb! be glory given;
Here shall Thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with Thee
Eternal anthems sing:

To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach Thy Father's throne
We'll give Thee nobler praise.

264

8.6.8.6.8.8.

The image of the invisible God.—Col. 1. 15.

1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee most perfectly exprest
The Father's glories shine;
Of the full Deity possest,
Eternally Divine:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed;
Brightness of uncreated light;
The heart of God revealed:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend,
The Father only—glorious claim!
The Son can comprehend:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above
As one with Thee are blest:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

8.7.

265

The brightness of His glory . . . upholding all things.
—Heb. 1. 3.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

4 For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is *poor, and poor* expression;
Who can sing that awful song?

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die;

7 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives;—
Flow, my praise for ever flow.

8 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

L.M.

266

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.—Phil. 2. 8.

1 NOW for a hymn of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Proclaim the wonders He hath done.

2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above:
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came to give us second birth,
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The Almighty captive prisoner lay:
The Almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, our God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

L.M.

267

The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.
—2 Cor. 4. 6.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And His rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
There all His beauties to behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

S.M.

268

They sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb.
—Rev. 15. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ the Eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

148th.

269 *I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world.*—John 16. 28.

1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, Oh, who can tell!
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
But bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

270

C.M.

Greater love hath no man than this.—John 15. 13.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our blest employ.

4 Jesus, who left His throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

271

8.7.

Hail, King of the Jews.—Mark 15. 18.

1 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! Thou Galilean king!
Thou *didst suffer to release* us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:

Hail! Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

L.M.

272 *Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power.*
—Rev. 5. 13.

1 WHAT equal honour shall we bring,
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of peace, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

273

C.M.

I am the Resurrection, and the Life.—John 11. 25.

1 GLORY to Him who tasted death,
That we might life receive;
If we in Him have stedfast faith,
Though we were dead we live!

2 Glory to Him who won the strife,
And is gone up on high;
The Resurrection and the Life—
In whom we never die.

3 Glory from us who think Him long,
And for His coming wait;
And glory, *from yon heavenly throng,*
Within the pearly gate.

4 When wilt Thou be at once adored
By one church, in one home?
Hasten the time; delay not, Lord:
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

C.M.

274

Him hath God exalted with His right hand.
—Acts 5. 31.

1 WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose bloo
Redeemed our fallen race.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts;
Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts!

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments drest,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

5 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Throughout the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

7 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood:
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God!

275

C.M.

In due time Christ died for the ungodly.—Rom. 5. 6.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains:
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

276

7s.

Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.—Isa. 12. 1.

1 I WILL praise Thee every day!
Now Thine anger's turned away,
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, *in the fair gospel-field,*
Wells of free salvation yield

Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length,
My salvation and my strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye then His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame:
Still His worth your praise exceeds;
Excellent are all His deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

277 C.M.

I will yet praise Thee more and more.—Ps. 71. 1

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy grace at first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in Thy strength
To see my Father God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 *How* will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!

My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

C.M.

278

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.
—1 Pet. 2. 7.

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

279

C.M.

He is altogether lovely.—Song Sol. 5. 16.

1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet:
To Thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thine exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in Thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

8s.

280 *This is our God, we have waited for Him, and He will save us.*—Isa. 25. 9.

1 THE God who created the skies,
The strength and support of His saints,
Who gives them all needful supplies,
And hearkens to all their complaints;

2 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

3 Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

C.M.

281 *It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren.* —Heb. 2. 17.

1 IN all things like Thy brethren, Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;

But how unlike to us, O Lord!
Replies the voice within.

2 O holy God! yet frail weak man!
Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

3 Our faith is weak;—O Light of light!
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That, Son of Man, and Son of God
We give Thee honour due.

4 O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

5 O Son of God! in glory raised
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.

6 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

282

L.M.

He is not ashamed to call them brethren.—Heb. 2. 11.

1 JESUS, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode;
As man He fills the throne of God.

2 Our nearest Friend, our Brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure, tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

4 O glorious hour, it comes with speed!
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the Lord who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

C.M.

283

Worthy of more glory than Moses.—Heb. 3. 3.

1 HOW strong Thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear Thy name?
Jesus, how sweet Thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell He freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned;
But His own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our faith doth feed on Christ the Lord,
He is the Living Bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place;
But Christ shall bring His followers home,
To see His Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

C.M.

284

Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11. 28.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast;

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live;
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright;
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my radiant Sun;
So in the Light of light I live,
And glory is begun!

THE HOLY SPIRIT:

HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

285 C.M.

He shall give you another Comforter.—John 14. 16.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He comes, the mystic heavenly Dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of *peace and* love
On mortal hearts to shed.

3 He comes, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
In which to make His rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And whispers us forgiven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His, and His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Meet evermore for Thee.

7s.

286

The Comforter . . . . whom I will send unto you —John 15. 26.

1 JESUS is gone up on high,
But His promise still is here:
I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter.

2 Let us now His promise plead,
Let us to His throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows His people's need—
Jesus hears His people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love;
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promised rest,
Till Thy face unveiled we see,
Of this blessed hope possest,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

287

L.M.

The Spirit gave them utterance.—Acts 2. 4.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave!
And power to kill and power to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus armed He sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north:
Go, and your Saviour's cross proclaim;
Go, teach all nations in My name.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue:
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of His word.

288

C.M.

If I depart, I will send Him unto you.—John 16. 7.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though *on our heads no tongues* of fire
Their wondrous powers impart;

Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give:
Quicken our spirits from above,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

289

S.M.

Wait for the promise of the Father.—Acts 1. 4.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

5 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,

With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide:
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

C.M.

290

The love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.—Rom. 5. 5.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

L.M.

291

As many as are led by the Spirit of God.—Rom. 8. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our *Guardian, Thou* our Guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pasture stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

S.M.

292

Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy name.
—Ps. 80. 18.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence!

3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

293

S.M.

I will put my Spirit within you.—Ezek. 36. 27.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-ceasing love.

4 Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

294

C.M.

He will guide you into all truth.—John 16. 13.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:

On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

295

C.M.

He shall teach you all things.—John 14. 26.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
Revive them with Thy breath.

2 Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm enlivening ray,
Set free the ice-bound soul.

3 Tis Thine to cheer us when distrest,
To raise us when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways:
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

296

112th.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth.—John 6. 63.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:

Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and senseless still:
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts Thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervour rise;
Let every pious passion glow:
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls Thy constant home.

297

7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

He shall give you another Comforter.—John 14. 16.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good:
O fulfil His faithful word,
And hear His speaking blood.
Give us that for which He prays:
Father, glorify Thy Son:
Show His truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, Thou,
O Christ, Thy Spirit give;
Hast Thou not received Him now,
That we might Him receive?
Art Thou not our living Head?
Life to all our souls impart:
Shed Thy love, Thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, *come:*
Glows our heart to find Thee near,
And swells to make Thee room:

Present with us Thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be;
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

S.M.

298 *None can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.*—1 Cor. 12. 3.

1 SPIRIT of Truth, come down!
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Saviour known;
Apply His precious blood.

2 His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord! my God!

299 8.7.4.

God, that giveth the increase.—1 Cor. 3. 7.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply Thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To Thy praise and glory live!

L.M.

300 *God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.* —1 Cor. 2. 10.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove!
Stoop down, and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
Do His commands with heavenly zeal,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And see Thy face, and sing, and love?

7s.

301 *He hath given us of His Spirit.*—1 John 4. 13.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me.
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

L.M.

302 *The eyes of your understanding being enlightened* —Eph. 1. 18.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;

Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

C.M.

303 *Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear.*—Rom. 8. 15.

1 SPIRIT of holiness! look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And when we tremble at Thy frown,
O bring Thy comforts near.

2 The terror Thy convictions wrought,
O let Thy grace remove;
And may the souls which Thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let Thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before:
Now on our hearts impress Thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

304 *He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.*—1 John 5. 10.

1 SAVIOUR, I Thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now Thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above!

Show me, Lord, how good Thou art,
My soul with all Thy fulness fill,
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Dead in sin, I hopeless lie
Bereft of power to rise,
Till Thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies;
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal,
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

3 Let me in His love rejoice,
Make me His pure abode,
Tell me by His inward voice,
I am a child of God!
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait Thy peace to feel,
Send the witness in my heart.
The Holy Ghost reveal.

4 Whom the world cannot receive
O manifest in me:
Son of God, I cease to live
Unless I live to Thee!
Now impute Thy full desert,
Restore the joy from which I fell;
Breathe the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

8.7.

305 *He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*
—John 14. 17.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

2 *From that* height which knows no measu
As a gracious shower descend:

Bringing down the richest treasure,
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give or we implore:
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

4 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

C.M.

306 *Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.*
—Eph. 1. 13.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

L.M.

307 *I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.*—Joel 2. 28.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee.

308 C.M.

Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. 21. 5.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator-Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angels' harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

L.M.

309 *The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.* —1 Peter 4. 14.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
O shed Thy influence from above,
And still from age to age inspire
Thy church with Pentecostal fire.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung,
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy favoured church preside;
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

THE HOLY TRINITY.

148th.

310 *To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever.*—Rom. 16. 27.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here
And better hopes above:
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man hath done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now on high He lives and reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

L.M.

311 *There are Three that bear record in heaven.*
—1 John 5. 7.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profoun
A ransom for our souls hath found:
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life to us extend!

C.M.

312 *The Lord which is, and which was, and which is to come.*—Rev. 1. 8.

1 MAKER, Upholder, Ruler! Thee
Let all that live adore,
Who art, and wast, and art to be,
God blessed evermore.

2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King!
Appointed Judge of all!
Let ransomed souls Thy triumphs sing,
Thy foes before Thee fall.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love!
Thy glorious gifts impart;
From heaven descending like a dove,
Dwell Thou in every heart.

4 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit! Thee
Let heaven and earth adore,
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

313 7s.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—Rev. 4. 8.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth:
All Thy works around Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy!—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From *that world by Thee* redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

314

P.M.

Which was, and is, and is to come.—Rev. 4. 8.

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to Thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee.
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

315

7s.

They sung as it were a new song before the throne.—Rev. 14. 3.

1 NOW with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church, which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:

Glory to the great I AM:
Glory to the Victim Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

7s.

316 *We will come unto him and make our abode with him.*—John 14. 2.

1 HOLY Father! hear my cry,
Holy Saviour! bend Thine ear,
Holy Spirit! come Thou nigh—
Father, Saviour, Spirit hear!

2 Father, save me from my sin,
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make me clean—
Father, Son, and Spirit save!

3 Father, let me taste Thy love,
Saviour, fill my soul with peace,
Spirit, come, my heart to move—
Father, Son, and Spirit bless!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now—
Be my Father and my God!

8.7.

317 *To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty.*—Jude 25.

1 TO the Source of every blessing,
Grateful anthems let us raise;
Holy joy, our souls possessing,
Swells the tribute of our praise.

2 Glory to the Almighty Father,
Fountain of Eternal love,
Who, His wandering sheep to gather,
Sent the Shepherd from above.

3 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sins and sorrows bore.

4 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each holy motion,
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

5 Thus while our glad hearts ascending
Glorify Jehovah's name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

318

8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6.

Praise ye the name of the Lord.—Ps. 135. 1.

1 SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing, with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with loud accord,
And in His name rejoice;
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until, in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There, we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God the Saviour's praise:
"He hath redeemed us by His blood,
Hath made us kings and priests to God:
For us the heavenly Lamb was slain,
Praise ye the Lord!" AMEN.

319

8,7.

God, blessed for ever, Amen.—Rom. 9. 5.

PRAISE the God of all creation:
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above.
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

320

C.M.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by His redeeming word,
And new-creating breath:
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

321

113th.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the world where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

322

S.M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the *Spirit of His grace*
Be equal honour done.

323 C.M.

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

324 L.M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

325 L.M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

326 C.M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

THE WORD OF GOD:
ITS EXCELLENCE.

327 L.M.

The word of the Lord endureth for ever.—1 Pet. 1. 25.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To Him, who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God. whose firm decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word,
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

5 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies;
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power sustains.

328 L.M.

The heavens declare the glory of God.—Ps. 19. 1.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all *the nations* blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, in sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

329 S.M.

The statutes of the Lord are right.—Ps. 19. 8.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

330 C.M.

The law of the Lord is perfect.—Ps. 19. 7.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate, Thy fear,
Enduring as Thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More prized than gold,—than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,—
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God! my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The dayspring to my eyes,

5 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guilt within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng the mind,
O Lord, my Strength and Righteousness!
With Thee acceptance find.

331 C.M.

The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Ps. 119. 130.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,

The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day:
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

5 But still Thy laws and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

332

L.M.

Wondrous things out of Thy law.—Ps. 119. 18.

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word:
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truth divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.

2 When taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below;
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star:
Soft gleaming then those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And, sweetly to his ravished eye,
Disclose the Dayspring from on high.

3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

C.M.

333 *The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.* —Prov. 6. 23.

1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way:

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.

4 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple child-like hearts.

C.M.

334 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*—Ps. 119. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious nig
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

C.M.

335 *Better unto me than thousands of gold and s*
—Ps. 119. 72.

1 FATHER of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around!
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

L.M.

336 *The power of God unto salvation.*—Rom. 1. 1

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lor
Thy hands have brought salvation dov
And writ Thy blessings in Thy word

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

337 L.M.

The gospel of the grace of God.—Acts 20. 24.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What His Almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did Wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The gospel sheds a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
Whilst the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but this gace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

338 C.M.

Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.—John 1. 17.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites His children near:
While Power, and Truth, and boundless Love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in Thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
Adoring angels learn Thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our Incarnate God;
And Thine avenging justice shows
Its honour in His blood.

5 But still the lustre of Thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

339 C.M.

More to be desired are they than gold.—Ps. 19. 10.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;

Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

L.M.

340 *Unto us which are saved it is the power of God.* —1 Cor. 1. 18.

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Tis here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recount His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.

3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts!
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

4 Our raging passion it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;

It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

5 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

C.M.

341

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever.—Ps. 119. 111.

1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through Thy promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

3 Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

C.M.

342

The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Ps. 119.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight,
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

343 C.M.
We preach Christ crucified.—1 Cor. 1. 23.

1 CHRIST and His cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of His name,
Restores their fainting breath;
While unbelief perverts the same,
To guilt, despair, and death.

THE WORD OF GOD:
ITS INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

7s.
344 *Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*
—John 6. 37.

1 WELCOME, welcome! sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

2 Welcome to the offered peace;
Welcome, prisoner, to release:
Burst thy bonds; be saved; be free;
Rise and come—He calleth thee.

3 Welcome, weeping penitent;
Grace has made thy heart relent:
Welcome, long estranged child;
God in Christ is reconciled.

4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

5 All ye weary and distrest,
Welcome to relief and rest:
All is ready; hear the call;
There is ample room for all.

6 None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom Grace inclined;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word—Depart!

7 Oh! the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice!
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold.

8.7.4.

345

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy – Matt. 11. 28.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched-
Come, tis mercy's welcome hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 O ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—

Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
Tis His Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View Him prostrate in the garden:
On the ground the Saviour lies!—
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the Incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

8.7.4.

346 *Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.*
—Matt. 11. 29.

1 COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,

By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone,
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 Blessed are the eyes that see Him;
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all;
Faith, and Hope, and Love desire
But it overwhelms them all.

347

C.M.

Let your soul delight itself in fatness.—Isa. 55. 2.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice:

2 O all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast:
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 O ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

C.M.

348 *If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.*
—John 7. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners come, tis mercy's voice:
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And Jesus is the way.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

349

C.M.

Yet there is room.—Luke 14. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, He bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room:

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart—
There love and pity meet:
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet.

4 In Him the Father reconciled
Invites your soul to come:
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

350

L.M.

I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy.—Ps. 31. 7.

1 SWEET were the sounds that reached our ears
When mercy raised her heavenly voice;
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

2 All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song,
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

3 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest,
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love:
Mercy, that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

351

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

If we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven.—Heb. 12. 25.

1 DOTH He who came the lost to seek,
To save the soul benighted,
Doth He entreat with earnest voice;
And shall His love be slighted,—
His call to every human heart
To bid unholy thoughts depart,
And as its Lord receive Him?

2 Doth the great Saviour stand and call?
Shall we remain *unheeding?*
Doth He repeat His kind request?
Can we withstand the pleading?

That faithful friend, His life who gave,
From sin's dread bonds, from death to
O let us turn and hear Him.

3 He bids us all obey and live,
God's word of love repeating;
O let us not the call refuse:
Our Judge! we yet shall meet Him!
Great Source of good, Thy grace impa
That now at length each wandering hea
May for its Lord receive Him!

148th.

352

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubil sound.—Lev. 25. 9.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow:—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

7s.

353

The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace. —Rom. 15. 13.

1 YE that in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bleeding sacrifice:
See through Him your sins forgiven.
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

11s.

354

Fear not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 43. 5.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 *In every condition—in sickness*, in health,
In poverty's vale, or *abounding* in wealth;

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous Omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes; [shake,
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

355 L.M.

Strong consolation.—Heb. 6. 18.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal Power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

104th.

God will provide.—Gen. 22. 8.

)UGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,
;h friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
ne thing secures us, whatever betide;
cripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

irds without barn, or storehouse are fed;
them let us learn to trust for our bread:
aints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
ıg as tis written, the Lord will provide.

ıll we obey, like Abram of old,
nowing our way; but faith makes us bold:
ıough we are strangers, we have a good
uide,
rust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

rength of our own, or goodness we claim:
ince we have known the Saviour's great
ıame,

Resting on Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

2 O rebuke me not in anger!
Suffer not my faith to fail!
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail;
Holding fast Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

3 In my heart Thy word I cherish,
Though unseen, Thou still art near,
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

358

L.M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. 33. 25.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

4 When called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty—
Still, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

359 C.M.

They shall never perish.—John 10. 28.

1 OUR God, how firm His promise stands,
E'en when He hides His face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and His grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son.

3 Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possest:
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

THE MORTAL DESTINY OF MAN.

360 C.M.

As for man, his days are as grass.—Ps. 103. 15.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear:
But we confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And fails if one be wrong:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But tis our God supports our frame,
Who reared *us from the dust*:
Hosanna! to the Almighty name,
In Him is all our trust.

361 C.M.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Ps. 9

1 OUR years in quick succession rise,
Our days glide smoothly on;
The flight of time—so swift it flies—
Is unperceived till gone.

2 On rapid wing, concealed from view,
Death brings our blest discharge;
Cuts the fine silver cord in two,
And sets the mind at large.

3 O what enlargement!—who can tell
The o'erwhelming glory given,
When once the soul has burst its cell,
And finds itself in heaven!

362 S.M.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—Jame

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine.
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued:
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden endless night.

363

L.M.

But the dead know not any thing.—Eccl. 9. 5.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven:
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste:
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

364

L.M.

Redeeming the time.—Eph. 5. 16.

1 GOD of eternity, from Thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by Thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne,
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Great Source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

365

C.M.

What is your life? It is even a vapour.—James 4. 14

1 OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
And still the bounties of Thy grace
Enrich the rolling year.

3 Tis sovereign Mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed by Love;
While Grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

4 Thy goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
And be Thy name adored!

5 Thus we begin the lasting song:
And, when we close our eyes,
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
Till time with nature dies.

366

C.M.

It is soon cut off, and we fly away.—Ps. 90. 10.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stray,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home,

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
That if our souls are hurried hence,
They may be found with God.

367

S.M.

Lord, make me to know mine end.—Ps. 39. 4.

1 LORD! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date!
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is nought with Thee;
For, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

3 At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, *like a moth,* consume
All that delights our eyes.

4 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

5 A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
I walk in pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

6 O spare me yet I pray!
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

C.M.

368 *It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.* —Ps. 100. 3.

1 ADORE, my soul, that awful Name,
To which the angels bow,
By which the worlds from nothing came,
The heaven of heavens, and thou.

2 The God who sits enthroned above,
Thy breath of life has given;
His voice in thunder, and in love,
Calls thee from earth to heaven.

3 This speck of earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end;
Beyond the starry spangled dome,
Thy boundless views extend.

4 Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
That only deck thy tomb,
While amaranthine wreaths and bowers
For thee immortal bloom?

5 Resign thy joys and hopes to God;
Cast flesh and sin away;
Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
And rise to endless day.

369

L.M.

That I may know how frail I am.—Ps. 39. 4.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

370

C.M.

So teach us to number our days.—Ps. 90. 12.

1 AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me then prepare to be,
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,
I bow before Thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of Thy praise,
And spread *the savour of* Thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

COMMENCEMENT.

(*See also* BAPTISM.)

371 L.M.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Rev. 3. 20.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

6 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

7 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire—all mankind.

112th

372 *If any man . . . open the door, I will come in to him.*—Rev 3. 20.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates;
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Rejoice aloud, and gladly sing.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings,
And all the earth is glad and sings.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy
So shall your Soverign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

73 L M.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—Prov. 27. 1.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
he longer wisdom you despise,
he harder is she to be won.

hasten mercy to implore,
d stay not for the morrow's sun;
r *fear thy season should* be o'er
re *this evening's stage* be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state,
O let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

374

7s.

Knock and it shall be opened unto you.—Matt. 7.

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry:
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark! it is thy Saviour's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim to thy rest;"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe from all the lures of vice;
Owned by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:

Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief shall die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

C.M.

375 *A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.*
—Zech. 13. 1.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
O ye despairing sinners, come
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

C.M.

376 *If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*
—John 8. 36.

1 HARK! for tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported, fall before His feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 Into the captive heart He pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And, Abba, Father! cry.

3 Shake off your bonds, and sing His grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by His name.

4 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing redeeming love.

377 C.M.

One thing is needful.—Luke 10. 42.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne!
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

6 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

S.M.

378 *In whom we have redemption through His blood.* —Eph. 1. 7.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Upon our souls arise;

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven:
But in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways:
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

8.8.6.

379 *Looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God.*—2 Pet. 3. 12.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell?

2 O God! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate;
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shall come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

380

S.M.

Lord, to whom shall we go?—John 6. 68.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come:
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home;
And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

381 L.M.

Blot out all mine iniquities.—Ps. 51. 9.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Behold I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace;
Great God! Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

382 L.M.

Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Ps. 51. 10.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let *Thy good Spirit ne'er* depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

383

L.M.

God be merciful to me, a sinner.—Luke 18. 13

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest;
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with fearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

C.M.

384 *Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation.*—Ps. 85. 7.

1 LORD! at Thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of Thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3 Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would Thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art Love.

4 O! for Thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive:
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
Heal us, and bid us live.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And Thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess Thy throne.

C.M.

385 *Only acknowledge thine iniquity.*—Jer. 3. 13.

1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away,
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life,
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy gates are open wide
To them that *mourn their* sin,
Oh, shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well:
4 Wherefore to beg and to intreat,
With tears we come to Thee;
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.
5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessings which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O let Thy mercy come!

386

8.8.8.6, or L.M.

And he arose and came to his father.—Luke 15. 20.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come.
3 Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

S.M.

387 *O my God, I trust in Thee, let me not be ashamed.*
—Ps. 25. 2.

1 OPPRESS with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.

2 With this polluted heart,
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin:
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
Through Him, unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

388 7s.
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—Ps. 61. 2.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

389

7s.

To lay hold upon the hope set before us.—Heb. 6. 18.

1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last!

2 *Other* refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;

Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is staid;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise, to all eternity.

8.8.6.

390 *They shall look on Him whom they pierced.*—John 19. 37.

O THOU who hast redeemed of old,
And bidst me of Thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with Thee;
Help me Thy benefits to own
And make me know what thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me!

Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,
To know *Thee, who Thou* art,—

The one eternal God and true!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead,
That made Thy soul a sacrifice
And closed in death those gracious eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me;
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

L.M.

391 *Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repen*
—Luke 15. 7.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

L.M.

392 *Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.*
—Matt. 11. 28.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary, come!
Ye heavy-laden, cease to roam!

I will refresh the weary breast,
And give the labouring spirit rest."

2 Sweet word! it calms my troubled soul,
It bids my sorrows cease to roll;
Smiles like the rainbow on the deep,
And hushes all my woes to sleep.

3 Here at Thy feet, tis good to be,
Thy word to hear, Thy face to see;
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear;
The burden of Thy love to bear.

4 Saviour, Thy promise I believe,
Nor ever would Thy presence leave;
But seek, upon Thy gentle breast,
The foretaste of eternal rest.

C.M.

393

God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.—2 Cor. 5. 19.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?

2 Tis by the merits of Thy death
The Father smiles again,
Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids *my slavish* fear,
His grace removes my sin.

On Thine atoning blood rely,
And on Thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to Thy single praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

L.M.

395

What things were gain to me, I counted loss for Christ.—Phil. 3. 7.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne!
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

396

S.M.

Present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Rom. 12. 1.

1 AND will the eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring
Which Thine own hand prepared.

2 We own Thy various claims,
And to Thine altar move,
The willing victims of Thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame:
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

397

C.M.

I have said that I would keep Thy words.—Ps. 119. 57.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God:
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then *turn my feet to Thy* commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
O save Thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield my hiding place;
My hope is in Thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform Thy will.

398 C.M.

He will speak peace unto His people.—Ps. 85. 8

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims Himself my Friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey!
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

399 S.M.

O God, Thou art my God.—Ps. 63. 1.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy to call Thee mine;
And let my earnest cry prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

4 For life without Thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this—
To serve and please the Lord.

5 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

L.M.

400

Being made free from sin and become servants to God.—Rom. 6. 22.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and raise my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Rivers of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And lose the sorrows of my soul.

L.M.

401

Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.—Ps. 17. 5.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

7s.

402

Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ.—2 Cor. 5. 18.

1 ONCE I was estranged from God;
Paths of sin perverse I trod;
To the Blest resolved to be,
Without cause, an enemy.

2 *Now to* God I'm reconciled.—
For His love on me hath smiled

In the death of Christ His Son,
And my stubborn heart is won.

3 Soon shall I behold His face,
In His friendship heaven possess;
Perfect made in purity,
God in holiness to see.

4 Blessed be Thou, God of love!
Mercy sending from above:
Grateful let me ever be,
And a faithful friend to Thee.

7s.

403

Whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's.
—Rom. 14. 8.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to Thy call,
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If a creature weak as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

4 Now, O God, Thine own I am;
Now I give Thee back Thine own:
Freedom, *friends, and health*, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone:

Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still when Thine I die!

404

L.M.

Ashamed of Me.—Mark 8. 38.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise!
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name,

5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

405

8.8.8.8.6. or L.M.

O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.—Ps. 116. 16.

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

406

112th.

A place of refuge.—Isa. 4. 5.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought our rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost,
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

407

7s.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1. 16.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found;

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine, the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
"Follow me!" I know the voice,
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light Thy burden now to me.

8.7.

408 *We have left all, and have followed Thee.*—Mark 10. 28.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain:
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have set my heart on Thee;

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me:
Were that joy unblest by Thee.

4 Thus I haste from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before me,
Thine own hand shall guide me there.
Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Soon shall pass my pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

FAITH IN GOD.

409 S.M.

By grace are ye saved through faith.—Eph. 2. 8.

1 FAITH, tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestowed,
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 On Him it safely leans
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

5 Lord, tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son
To work this faith in me.

410

C.M.

I live by the faith of the Son of God.—Gal. 2. 20.

1 MY Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.

2 By hourly faith in Thee I live,
Midst all my griefs and snares;
And death, encountered in Thy sight,
No form of horror wears.

3 On Thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to Thy seat:
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At its Redeemer's feet.

4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

5 My life with His connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground:
He keeps me in His gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

411

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5. 36.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

412

7.6.

The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1. 29.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless lamb of God,

He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains!

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine,
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline;
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child!
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

L.M.

413 *In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.* Isa. 30. 15.

1 BENEATH Thy wing, O God, I rest,
Under Thy shadow safely lie,

By Thine own strength in peace possest,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

2 With strong desire I here can stay
To see Thy love its work complete;
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see;
For all the work I have to do
Is done through strengthening trust in Thee.

4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be,
And when Thy joy the church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

414 L.M.

Because I live, ye shall live also.—John 14. 19.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thine everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my *soul, thy trust* repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,

Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

415

7.6.

Fear not, little flock.—Luke 12. 32.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path of life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

416

148th.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion.—Ps. 125. 1.

1 THEIR hearts shall not be moved
Who in the Lord confide;
But firm as Zion's hill,
They ever shall abide;

As mountains shield Jerusalem,
The Lord shall be a shield to them.

2 His blessing on them rests
Like freshening dew from heaven,
And succour from His throne
In all their need is given;
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.

3 One like the Son of God
Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried;
And tis enough that He is near,
To strengthen them in every fear.

417

S.M.

As for God, His way is perfect.—Ps. 18. 30.

1 SAY not, my soul, from whence
Can God relieve thy care?
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.

2 God's help is always sure,
His method seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.

3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

4 Hast Thou assumed a load,
Which few will share with thee,—
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall He fail to see?

5 Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone;

Now, thou the Lord's companion ar
Soon, thou wilt share His throne.

418

S.M.

My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. 31. 15.

1 OUR times are in Thy hand,
O God, we wish them there,
Our life, our friends, our souls we k
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand our many sins had pierce
Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand,
We'll always trust in Thee;
Till we possess the glorious land,
Where we shall ever be.

419

S.M.

Watch unto prayer.—1 Pet. 4. 7.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,—
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is nea
And sees the tempter fly!—

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!—

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
My dear Redeemer's cross!

5 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

420

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.—Ps. 121. 1.

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Christ shall send me all supplies,
He every hope fulfils;
Faithful soul! trust His defence,
All His care thou then shalt prove;
All His watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

2 See the Lord, thy Saviour, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo, He holds thee in His hand,
He banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wings thy head,
Shields from all impending harms,
Round thee, and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms!

3 Christ shall bless thy going out,
And bless thy coming in;
Ever compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;

My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.

4 O make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

422

C.M.

The God of Jacob is our refuge.—Ps. 46. 11.

The Lord His saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers,
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

423

S.M.

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—Ps. 61. 2.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head!
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

424

8.8.6.

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.
—Matt. 14. 27.

1 OFT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep;

Tost with the long tempestuous night,
We see no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

2 But lo! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, tis I."

3 O Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come; His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease
And fall, no more to rise:
Oh! if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

425 C.M.

Lord, if Thou hadst been here.—John 11. 21, 32.

1 "O LORD, hadst Thou been here!" but when
Is not the Saviour nigh?
His power and love were present then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.

2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,

His tarrying never is delay,
  But well-timed, sure relief.

3 He loves to come when others flee,
  Or coming, cannot aid,
To save in faith's extremity,
  When hope's last glimmerings fade.

4 The house of mourning He prefers
  With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
  That say, the Lord is near.

5 Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone
  We ask to feel Thy grace;
The hearts that once Thy love have known
  Would be Thy dwelling-place.

426

8.8.6.

Casting all your care upon Him.—1 Pet. 5. 7.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be,
  If we could cast our care on Thee,
  If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
  Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
  By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh! could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
  On Thine Almighty arms.

3 O for the faith to cast our load
Of anxious thought upon our God!
  For He will clothe and feed;
And from the lilies as they grow,
And *from the tended* ravens, know
  That we are safe indeed.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers,
And from self-torment cease!
Father! we trust; and we lie still;
Leave all things to Thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

112th.

427 *He is able to succour them that are tempted.*—Heb. 2. 18.

1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power:
Still be Thine arm my sure defence,
Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 In suffering, be Thy love my peace!
In weakness, be Thy love my power!
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

S.M.

428 *Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.*—Ps. 37. 7.

1 THOU seest my feeblenesss;
Jesus, be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress, and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure abode;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to Thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thine own,
And love me to the end.

429

7s.

Without me ye can do nothing.—John 15. 5.

1 SON of God, Thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, Thine influence shed,
From Thy fulness I am fed.

2 Unsustained by Thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end;
Still preserve me by Thy grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

430

C.M.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Ps. 126. 5.

1 THE Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

2 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come!
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

3 The seed, though buried long in dust,
Shall not deceive their hope:
The precious *grain can* ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

431

C.M.

They shall never perish.—John 10. 28.

1 FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His chosen from His breast;
Safe in the mansions of His love
They must for ever rest.

432

C.M.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet ha believed.—John 20. 29.

1 BLESSED are they who have NOT see
And yet the Christ receive;
In spirit cry, "My Lord, my God,"
And with free heart believe!

2 Blessed! who feel their quiet way
In faith and not in sight,
Who lean upon His *unseen* grace,
And trust His *unseen* might.

433

7s.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go f —Exod. 14. 15.

1 WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey,
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear,
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

434 L.M.

I am the Lord, I change not.—Mal. 3. 6.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee!

3 O let me then, at length, be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives *doubt and discontent* away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

The Father's good pleasure has laid u
A plentiful treasure, to give to the p

2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not
Our numerous complaints His mercy
His fulness shall yield us abundant
His power shall shield us, when dang

3 The fountain o'erflows, our woes to
Still more He bestows, and grace up
His gifts in abundance we daily rece
He has a redundance for all that bel

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus besto
As still shall support us, and silence
For nothing can hurt us while Jesu

5 When troubles attend, or danger or
His love will defend and guard us thro
And when we are fainting, and ready
Whatever is wanting His hand will

His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
God for His own provides;
Grants them supplies of daily food,
And all they need besides.

4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone·
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

L.M.

437 *O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee.* —Ps. 63. 1.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, Thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am Thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood!

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look;
As travellers in *thirsty* lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

C.M.

438 *Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.*—Gen. 5. 24.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire Thy matchless grace;
That Thou wilt walk, that Thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthless race.

2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briers wound my feet.

3 Cheered with Thy converse, I can trace
The desert with delight;
Through all the gloom, one smile of Thine
Can dissipate the night.

4 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.

6 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
That break its way to God.

L.M.

439

With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit. —Isa. 57. 15.

1 TWO temples doth Jehovah prize,
Nor will from either e'er depart;
One is above the starry skies,
The other is the lowly heart.

2 In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine;
In this His beams are felt, but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

3 Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord;
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

4 Such heart, O God, be ever mine!
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting it is Thine,
Thy glory it may humbly bear.

7s.

440

Looking unto Jesus.—Heb. 12. 2.

1 OBJECT of my first desire!
Jesus! crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute my bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute my bliss above.

2 Lord! it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord! if Thou Thy presence give,
Tis no longer death to die:
Source and Giver of repose,
Only *from Thy smile it flows!*
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
May I ever walk with Thee,
For tis bliss without alloy!
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness;
Perfect peace I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

C.M.

441 *There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.* —Ps. 73. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To Thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee!
Or what my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy grace, without Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

L.M.

442 *In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily* —Col. 2. 9.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord! when shall it be
That I shall find my all in Thee?

The fulness of Thy promise prove,
The seal of Thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord! I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do Thou enrich the poor:
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord! I am blind; be Thou my sight:
Lord! I am weak; be Thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in Thee!

443

C.M.

Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes.—Ps. 123. 1.

1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my God:
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies,
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 Oh! this is life! oh! th s is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear;
And all Thy love to know.

444

L.M.

I can do all things through Christ.—Phil. 4. 13.

1 LORD, let my heart still turn to Thee
In all my hours of waking thought,

Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When nought on earth my heart can ch
When sighs will burst, and tears will fl
Lord, hush the sigh and dry the tear.

3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do Thou, my Saviour, present be;
Nor let me think of happiness
On earth, without the thought of Thee.

4 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my pray
And let each hope of heaven I feel,
Burn with the thought to meet Thee th

5 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee,
In every hour of waking thought;
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

445

C.M.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thes. 5. 17.

1 LORD, we must labour, we must care,
By many things be tried,
But we will ever seek Thine aid;
And in Thy strength confide.

2 As different scenes of life arise,
Our trusting hearts would be
With Thee, amid the social band,
In solitude with Thee.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.

4 Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employ
Our hearts be Thine alone.

446

7s.

Ask, and it shall be given you.—Matt. 7. 7.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

447

L.M.

I commune with mine own heart.—Ps. 77. 6.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee!
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my soul be chained to earth,
And thus debase its heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn:
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

L.M.

448 *That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.*
—Eph. 3. 17.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be exprest.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church through Christ His Son.

8.7.

449 *The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*—
Eph. 3. 19.

1 LOVE Divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Praise Thee as Thy hosts above,
Serve and worship without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

7s.

450 *The Dayspring from on high hath visited us.*—Luke 1. 78.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near:
Daystar, in our hearts appear!

2 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill *with radiance divine,*
Scatter all our unbelief;

More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

451

C.M.

Ye have received the spirit of adoption.—Rom. 8.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while from earth to Thee I cry,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father God, how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
And, Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at His voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

452

8.7.

They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death.—Isa. 9. 2.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and by Thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Come, extend Thy wonted favour
To our ruined, guilty race:
Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, apply Thy saving grace.

5 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

453

S.M.

Still with Thee.—Ps. 139. 18.

1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting *as the rising* sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

454

11.10.

I have set the Lord always before me.—Ps. 16. 8.

1 STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When wake the birds, and all the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

2 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er-shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

3 So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee:
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

455

C.M.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.—Heb. 4. 16.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
Then humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

4 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

C.M.

456 *In the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge.*
—Ps. 57. 1.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

'et, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
nd still my soul will cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

ıst Thou not bid me seek Thy face,
And shall I seek in vain?
d can *the ear of sovereign* grace
'e deaf when I complain?

6 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet!

457 C.M.

As He is, so are we in this world.—1 John 4. 17.

1 LORD Jesus! are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that, for our sake,
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art,
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

458 C.M.

The greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. 13. 13.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our Father God.

459 C.M.

The glorious liberty of the children of God.—Rom. 8. 21.

1 LORD, I address Thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of Thine:
Send down the *Spirit of* Thy Son
To form my heart divine.

2 Not from the terrors of a slave
Thy children do Thy will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
Thy sweet commands fulfil.

3 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

4 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

5 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And hope to see His face!

460 C.M.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.—Lam. 3. 24.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on His glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for His own,
And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while He pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him renown;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown.

461

C.M.

We love Him because He first loved us.—1 John 4. 19.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land:
Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recal our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way,
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou vert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsakest not:—

4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love:
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That *we might live above*;

Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven:
Yes; much we love, who much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

462

C.M.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. 5. 14.

1 MY God I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell.

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Because Thou art my loving God,
And my redeeming King.

463

8.8.6.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3. 19.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet,
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

464 C.M.

The excellency of the knowledge of Jesus.—Phil. 3 8.

1 O TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God!
And fix and root us in Thy grace,
As those redeemed by blood.

2 O tell us often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain;
And let our hearts with joy confess,
From thence comes all our gain.

3 For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss;
The dearest objects of our love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

465

8.7.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7. 12.

1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed souls above:
Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Take my heart—O take and seal it!
Seal it from Thy courts above.

466

C.M.

Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.—John 21. 15.

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart with every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?

6 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

467

C.M.

Weep with them that weep.—Rom. 12. 15.

1 FATHER of mercies! send Thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Promptly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies,
And, *while possessing* boundless wealth,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of His blood
A balm for every wound.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

HOLINESS AND CONSECRATION.

468 7s.

I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. 11. 29.

1 LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility:

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee:
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in redeeming love.

4 O that all may seek, and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

469 L.M.

Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.
—Titus 2. 10.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

L.M.

470

Make haste to help me, O Lord, my Salvation.—Ps. 38. 22.

1 O TAKE away this evil heart;
This heart of unbelief renew,
So prone, so eager to depart
From Thee, the living God and true.

2 O sanctify this sinful soul;
Health to the dying leper give;
Thou, if Thou wilt, canst make me whole,
Speak but the word, and I shall live.

3 O disenthral this captive will,—
Free only when Thou mak'st it free;
That I may glory to fulfil
Thy perfect law of liberty.

4 Then though a fallen child of earth,
In death returning to the clod,
I shall become, by second birth,
An heir of heaven—a child of God!

S.M.

471

Blessed are the pure in heart.—Matt. 5. 8.

1 BLEST *are the* pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:

The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring;
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern, and their King:—

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling, and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for Thee!

472 S.M.

Joined unto the Lord.—1 Cor. 6. 17.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands:
Our names, our hearts we would resign,
Our souls are in Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head,
Conform us to Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near Thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we yield to fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll place His members there.

473

L.M.

If any man serve me, let him follow me.—John 12. 26.

1 HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above.

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me,
Thou camest;—not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

474

C.M.

Keep yourselves in the love of God.—Jude 21.

1 MY Father God! with filial awe,
I lovingly adore!
And pray to keep Thy Spirit's law
With true heart more and more.

2 Forgiveness so my soul hath stirred,
Subdued *and reconciled,*
I must obey my Father's word,
His dear word to His child.

3 My Father's word! and therefore dear,
And blessed to fulfil!
With perfect love that casts out fear,
Would I perform Thy will.

4 The mind that was in Christ supply,
The Spirit of Thy Son!
Then Thou shalt guide me with Thine eye,
And all Thy will be done!

7s.

475 *He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.*
—Ps. 1. 3.

1 BLESSED is the faithful heart,
Who all wicked counsel flees,
Nor with sinners takes a part,
Nor with scorners sits at ease.

2 God's great law is his delight;
Mighty words that came from heaven,
Comfort him in silent night,
Are his daily portion given.

3 Thus his soul is like a tree,
By unfailing rivers seen;
Fruit it bears abundantly,
Every leaf is richly green.

4 But the godless are not so;
Where can be their trust or stay?
Like the chaff the wild winds blow,
In the storm they're swept away.

5 Therefore in the judgment time
The ungodly shall not stand,—
Never join, in bliss sublime,
The redeemed at God's right hand.

6 Lord! Thou watchest every day
O'er the good man's path of light;
But the sinner's darkening way,
Perisheth in fearful night.

8.3.6.

476 *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.* —Matt. 5. 8.

1 THERE is a Dwelling-place above;—
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a Paradise of rest;—
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

2 There is a Voice to mercy true;—
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart;
There is a Sight from man concealed;
That sight—the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

3 There is a Name in heaven bestowed;—
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know;
There is a Kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him here below.

4 Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven.

S.M.

477 *Keep the charge of the Lord that ye die not.*—Lev. 8. 35.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the *present age,*
My calling to fulfil;

O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

478 C.M.

Brethren, be not weary in well doing.—2 Thess. 3. 13.

1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brothers' griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

C.M. Peculiar.

479

The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them.—John 17. 22.

1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 Our Master all the work hath done,
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray!

S.M.

480

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.—Col. 3. 23.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

481

C.M.

Quicken Thou me according to Thy word.—Ps. 119. 23.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word;
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

482

C.M.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes.—Ps. 119. 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

483

C.M.

Walk as children of light.—Eph. 5. 8.

1 WALK in the light—and thou shalt own
Thy darkness past away,
Because on thee the light hath shone
In which is perfect day.

2 Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light—and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined;
In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,

His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

5 Walk in the light—and follow on
Till faith be turned to sight,
Where, in divine communion,
God is Himself the Light.

484

C.M.

Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Ps. 51. 10.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring every sin;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of LOVE.

485

L.M.

Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love.
—1 Tim. 6. 11.

1 AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels, cannot do.

2 Awake my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control;
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

JOY IN GOD.

C.M.

486 *He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation.* —Isa. 61. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice:
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 Tis He adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine!
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes His graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took *the robe the* Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness.

5 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all my powers agree.

487

S.M.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord.—Ps. 95. 1.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin:
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

C.M.

488

The health of my countenance and my God.—Ps. 42. 11.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up *with joy the* shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

489

S.M.

Whom having not seen, ye love.—2 Pet. 1. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face:
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

3 And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable like those above,
And heaven begins below.

490

C.M.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—Ps. 144. 15.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by His word;
His arm supports them well.

2 He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name:
And we can witness, to His praise,
His love is still the same.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 *Lord, let* us then most highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,

Till Thou shall bid our spirits rise,
To worship Thee above.

491

C.M.

Your life is hid with Christ in God. Col. 3. 3.

1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here:
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day;
But, patient, waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

492

C.M.

That your joy may be full.—1 John 1. 4.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

8s.

493 *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*—Rom. 8. 35.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

3 My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase,
Imprest on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:

Yes! I to the end shall endure
As sure as the earnest is given.
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

494

L.M.

All things are yours.—1 Cor. 3. 21.

1 HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come:
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 All things are ours: the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And, while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait Thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

495

S.M.

Now are we the sons of God.—1 John 3. 2.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown:

The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 I would no longer lie
A slave beneath the throne,
My faith shall, Abba Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

496 S.M.

Blessed are all they that wait for Him.—Isa. 30. 18.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,

Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

497

7s.

Godliness is profitable unto all things.—1 Tim. 4. 8.

1 TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

498

C.M.

Delight thyself also in the Lord.—Ps. 37. 4.

1 O LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee—
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near—
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide,
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

499 104th.

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—Matt. 8. 26.

1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
Tis mine to obey, tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:
And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

7s.

500 *Beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord.*—2 Cor. 3. 18.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.

2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will—Thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy *well-beloved* Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God!

L.M.

501 *I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye Me in vain.* —Isa. 45. 19.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

502 7s.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.—Heb. 12. 6.

1 TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befal;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil,
These spring up, and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet:
Trials give new life to prayer:
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a castaway?

112th.

503 *Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him.* —Ps. 37. 5.

1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Doubt not, our inmost wants are known
To Him, who chose us for His own.

504 7.7.7.6.

He will have compassion upon us.—Mic. 7. 19.

1 IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
My Saviour, comfort me.

2 When the hoard of many years,
Like a fleet cloud disappears,
And the future's full of fears,
My Saviour, comfort me.

3 When the secret idol's gone,
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
My Saviour, comfort me.

4 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide,
My Saviour, comfort me.

5 Comfort me, I am cast down,
Tis my Heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own;
My Saviour, comfort me.

6 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness,
My Saviour, comfort me.

7 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe:
My Saviour, comfort me.

8 So it shall be good for me,
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

505

C.M.

Lord, remember me.—Luke 23. 42.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me.

506

7s.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7. 12.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto Thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What Thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to Thee resign;
Father! let Thy will be mine;
May but all Thy dealings prove
Fruits of Thy paternal love.

Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of Thy special love.

C.M.

507 *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*—Job 1. 21.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in Thy hand:
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possest by me,
They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store?
Tis but a bitter sweet;

508

7s.

My times are in Thy hand—Ps. 31. 15.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand!
All events at Thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

5 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

6 May I always own Thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all Thine own.

7 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

509

S.M.

I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it.—Ps. 39.

1 IT is Thy *hand, my* God;
My sorrow comes from Thee:

I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
I know Thou lovest me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord,
Before Thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To Thee for help I come.

3 My God, Thy name is Love,
A Father's hand is Thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, Thy will be mine!

4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe:
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear,

5 Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee;
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

510

8.6.8.6.8.8.

We trust in the living God.—1 Tim. 4. 10.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O! blessed be the hand that gave,
And blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks.

Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

511

C.M.

Yet what I shall choose I wot not.—Phil 1. 22.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live:
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day?

3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

4 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

512

8.7.8.7.7.7.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—James 4. 14.

1 TIS to us no cause of sorrow,
That we cannot tell to-day,
What it is will come to morrow;
Tis enough that we can say,
He whom we our Father call,
Knows the future, knows it all.

2 Happy they, who, all committing
To their Father's care and love,

Let Him choose what most is fitting,
And of all He does, approve:
Ever free from anxious care.
Blest in this, His people are.

3 Teach us, O our God and Father,
Teach us to obey Thee thus,
Be Thy choice our portion, rather
Than what may seem good to us;
Tis not meet we should refuse
Aught that Thou, our God, shalt choose.

4 Future things with Thee are present;
All to come Thine eye can see;
Safe it is for us and pleasant
Future things to trust to Thee:
Then Thy people happy are
When on Thee they cast their care.

513

C.M.

Patient in tribulation.—Rom. 12. 12.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant,
What else I want or think I do,
Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both;
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth?

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

514 112th.

His great love, wherewith He loved us.—Eph. 2. 4.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would: but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
Oh! when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall *my heart* from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

6 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

515

C.M.

I will guide thee with Mine eye.—Ps. 32. 8.

1 THOU boundless source of every good!
Our best desires fulfil;
O help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

2 In all Thy mercies, may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

3 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

4 Do Thou direct our steps aright,
Help us Thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

516

C.M.

I said, Thou art my God.—Ps. 31. 14.

1 MY God, my Father! blissful name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

6 My God, my Father! be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away!

517

C.M.

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.—2 Sam. 23. 5.

1 MY God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, *the everlasting God,*
My Father art become:

Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home:

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

S.M.

518

Why sayest thou . . . My way is hid from the Lord —Isa. 40. 27.

1 ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Saviour, Thou art love:
O hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where Thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray:
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And oh, from that bright throne,
I shall look back and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

S.M.

519

Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Ps. 37. 5.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,

To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
4 His everlasting truth,
His ceaseless, watchful love,
Sees all His children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
5 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
6 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
7 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

C.M.

520 *They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.*
—Isa. 40. 30.

1 O GOD, that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And hear us when we pray.
2 The cross our *Master* bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear,

But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

3 Have mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew;
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
O send Thy patience too!

521

7s.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord.—Ps. 55. 22.

1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon find cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Wouldst thou know thyself a child?
Is thy proud heart reconciled?
Is it humbled to the dust,
Full of awe and full of trust?

3 Boast thou not, rejoice with fear,
Never be high-minded here;
Heed not what the tempter saith,
Cling to Christ in lowly faith.

4 Fear not, then; in every storm
There shall come the Master's form;
Cheering voice and present aid—
"It is I, be not afraid."

5 He will hold Thee with His hand,
And enable thee to stand;
His compassion, love, and power,
Are the same for evermore.

522

C.M.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. 4. 7.

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!

523

7s.

I will trust and not be afraid.—Isa. 12. 2.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive:
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All *their Father's* boundless love.

524 S.M.

He shall choose our inheritance for us—Ps. 47. 4.

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
O lead me by Thine own right hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
But choose Thou for me, O my God,
So I shall walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

525 112th.

Quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.—Lam. 3. 26.

1 O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,

And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in tears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
Yet all is well—since ruled by Thee.

2 Thus trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled;
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit then complain?

L.M.

526 *I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.*—Phil. 4. 13.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His kind hand my head sustains.

S.M.

527 *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*—Isa. 26. 3.

1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul in faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging *storms, exults* to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er Thy face appears:
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

7s.

528 *He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.*—Isa. 27. 8.

1 GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak:
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek:
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!
Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more,
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

529 7s.

He is able to save to the uttermost.—Heb. 7. 25.

1 JESUS, Saviour! Thou dost know
All the depth of human woe;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
Thou hast felt the withering fear.

2 For the iron of our sin
To Thy heart hath entered in:
All its festering anguish keen,
Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.

3 Thou our Brother art, and we
With our sorrows come to Thee:
Thou wilt not, for us who died,
From our misery turn aside.

4 Jesus, save! the floods are nigh;
To Thine open arms we fly;
Sure the waters will not dare
Overwhelm our spirits there.

5 No! the raging waves subside,
Thou hast checked the rising tide,
All our woes obey Thy will,
While Thou whisperest, "Peace, be still!"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

ZEAL AND COURAGE.

530 S.M.

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. 6. 11.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong *in the Lord of* Hosts,
And in His mighty power;

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Jesus hath died for you,
What can His love withstand,
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from His hand?

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Then, having all things done,
And, every conflict past,
Accepted each through Christ alone,
You shall be crowned at last.

L.M.

531 *Take unto you the whole armour of God.*—Eph. 6. 13.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone,

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,

While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

C.M.

532 *Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.* —2 Tim. 2. 3.

1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 No! we must fight if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

533 148th.

We wrestle not against flesh and blood.—Eph. 6. 12.

1 HARK! tis a martial sound!
To arms, ye saints, to arms!
Your foes are gathering round,
And peace has lost its charms:
Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield;
The trumpet calls you to the field.

2 An arm of flesh must fail
In such a war as this:
He only can prevail,
Whose arm immortal is:
Tis heaven *itself* the strength must yield,
And weapons fit for such a field.

3 And Heaven supplies them too:—
The Lord, who never faints,
Is greater than the foe;
And He is with His saints:
Thus armed, they venture to the fight;
Thus armed, they put their foes to flight.

4 And when the conflict's past,
On yonder peaceful shore
They shall repose at last,
And see their foes no more:
The fruits of victory enjoy,
And never more their arms employ.

534

7s.

Be faithful unto death.—Rev. 2. 10.

1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?—
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

535

C.M.

I am not ashamed.—2 Tim. 1. 12.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands;
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

536

L.M.

The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song.—Isa. 12. 2.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And, thus supported, who shall faint?

2 Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

3 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is He gracious, wise, and just;
And *still, in Him, let* Israel trust.

537

L.M.

A burning and a shining light.—John 5. 35.

1 O THOU who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

538

C.M.

Let us put on the armour of light.—Rom. 13. 12.

1 THOU plenteous Source of light and love,
From whom all grace proceeds,
Chase from our souls the gloom of night,
And make us hate its deeds.

2 In armour clad of heavenly proof,
We will not fear nor fly,
But bravely, through opposing hosts,
Press onwards to the sky.

3 If long and doubtful seems the strife,
Our pains and trials sore,
Such are the ills of mortal life,
And such our Saviour bore.

4 *Once* humbled from His lofty throne,
He dwelt in weakness here,

And His has been the struggling sigh,
And His the falling tear.

5 When time has run its destined course,
And all our years are fled,
He comes, with monarch's pomp and power,
To wake and judge the dead.

6 Then help us, Lord, while sinners' hearts
Shall sicken with dismay,
To lift our heads, and joyful hail
Redemption's perfect day.

539

L.M.

Stedfast, unmoveable.—1 Cor. 15. 58.

1 FATHER, though storm on storm appear,
Let not our faith forego her hold;
Deliver us from craven fear,
And make us stedfast, firm, and bold.

2 Out of our weakness make us strong,
Arm us as in the ancient days;
Loose in Thy cause each stammering tongue,
And perfect, e'en in us, Thy praise.

3 Come, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord;
O Father, Son, and Spirit, come!
Be mindful of Thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul Thy home.

4 If we can witness, Lord, for Thee,
Let us despise our fleeting breath;
Give us the opening heaven to see,
And make us faithful unto death.

540

L.M.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. 40. 31.

1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

541 C.M.

So run that ye may obtain.—1 Cor. 9. 24.

1 AWAKE my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

542 P.M.

Lay hold on eternal life.—1 Tim. 6. 12.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's [longest;
Onward and onward still, urge thine endea-
The rest that remaineth shall be for ever. [vour:

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee:
He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of Eternity flows on for ever.

3 Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever; [for ever.
Mount when thy work is done, praise Him

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

DECLINE AND RECOVERY.

543 C.M.

Return ye backsliding children.—Jer. 3. 22.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord:
How oft my roving thoughts depart
Forgetful of His word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls "Return,"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my sins remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

344 *I have sinned against the Lord.*—2 Sam. 12. 13.

1 I LEFT the God of truth and light:
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was His service, and His yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all His bands of love I broke,
I cast away His gifts with scorn.

3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from Thy frown?—
Eternal justice, from Thine eye?

4 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

5 Prostrate before the mercy seat,
I dare not, if I would despair;
None ever perished at Thy feet,

Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break this heart of stone.

2 Saviour Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy love unknown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break this heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in Thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down:
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break this heart of stone.

4 Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, Tis done!
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks this heart of stone!

546

7.4.7.

Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.—Ps. 25. 5.

1 THOU who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray,
Thou whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way.

2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart;
Give me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart,

3 When I sit beneath Thy word,
At Thy table cold and dead;
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled;
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

4 Then if heavenly dews distil,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear,
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when Thou art near.

5 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When Thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose;
Stay Thy rough wind,
When Thy chilling east wind blows.

6 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way,
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

547 C.M.

O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God.—Hos. 14. 1.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;

No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the bride say, Come,
O now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is Mercy's day.

548 C.M.

Enoch walked with God.—Gen. 5, 24.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:

So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

549

L.M.

Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.—Ps. 51. 11.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not enter into rest.

4 Now, Lord, my sinful soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand,
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

550

7s.

The sheep follow Him: for they know His voice.—John 10. 4.

1 JESUS, seek Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep:
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me on Thy bosom, bear.

2 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice,
More and more of Thee receive;
Ever in Thy Spirit live;—

3 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect like my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

4 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand;
Take the bliss so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

551 P.M.

He thanked God, and took courage.—Acts 28. 15.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,—
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,—
I have fought my way through, [to do!
I have finished the work Thou didst give me

6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,—
Well *and faithfully* done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!

552

S.M.

The way of holiness.—Isa. 35. 8.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there!

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring,
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to His name,
Who marks the shining way;
To Him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

553

7.6.

He hath prepared for them a city.—Heb. 11. 16.

1 PILGRIMS we are and strangers,
As all our fathers were;
Our path is full of dangers,
Beset with many a snare;
But, in our God confiding,
No evil will we fear;
For our defence providing,
He will be ever near.

2 Our heavenly habitation
Attracts our longing eyes;

In sweet anticipation
We view the blissful prize:
That glimpse our souls inflaming
With more intense desire,
All earthly hopes disclaiming,
They up to heaven aspire.

3 Jesus is gone before us,
Those mansions to prepare;
Soon shall we share His glories,
And sing His praises there:
The prospect, O how cheering!
We hail the happy day;
And long for His appearing
To bear our souls away.

4 Then let us ne'er be weary,
Nor faint upon the road;
For, though the way be dreary,
It leads us home to God:
It leads us to that station,
Where foes no more annoy,—
That world of full salvation
And everlasting joy.

7s.

554 *The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs.*—Isa. 35. 10.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;

Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye ransomed flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

555 C.M.

The Lord will give grace and glory.—Ps. 84. 11.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And, in that long experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
But oh, I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore,

A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

556

C.M.

Gird up the loins of your mind.—1 Pet. 1. 13.

1 CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true:—

2 Why move ye thus with lingering tread,
A doubting mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

3 Oh! weak to know your Saviour's power,
To feel your Father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief you share.

4 The Lord of light, though, veiled awhile,
He hide His noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day.

5 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O wake thy heart to love!

557

C.M.

I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner.—Ps. 39. 12.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground:
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought *but heaven* our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross He bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstacies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

558

11s.

Faint, yet pursuing.—Judg. 8. 4.

1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,
The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint,
If the weak are opprest, He hears their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter, whose help is in God?

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our Light,
Though storms rage around us, our God is our Might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come,
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our home.

5 And there all His people eternally dwell,
With Him who hath led them so safely and well,
The toilsome way over, the wilderness past;
And Canaan the blessed is theirs at the last.

C.M.

559

And a highway shall be there . . . the way of holiness. —Isa. 35. 8.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord;
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way His hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the way in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound:
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While travelling up the hill.

C.M.

560

Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. 3. 3.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as *you are, you* shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;

Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near;
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence:
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

561

7s.

Lead us not into temptation.—Luke 11. 4.

1 HEAVENLY Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Save me from his treacherous wiles;
Arm me against pleasure's smiles:
Give me, for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.

4 Lord, uphold me day by day:
Shed a light upon my way:
Guide me through perplexing snares:
Care for me in all my cares.

5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care, or shame;
Father, glorify Thy name.

6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;

In the course my Saviour trod.
Tending still to Thee, my God.

562

L.M.

Call to remembrance the former days.—Heb. 10. 32.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

5 Tis even so: Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in all.

563

C.M.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Ps. 121. 5.

1 TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid,
From Zion's hill and Zion's God.
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to slide;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

3 Around His saints, arrayed in might,
His guardian shield He spreads;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall smite their favoured heads.

4 He shall preserve their souls from sin,
He shall their strength restore;
Their going out and coming in,
Shall bless for evermore.

564

8.7.

He led them forth by the right way.—Ps. 107. 7.

1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

565

C.M.

I drew them with bands of love.—Hos. 11. 4.

1 MY God, what silken cords are Thine,
How soft and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round Thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

C.M.

566 *He had respect unto the recompence of the reward.*
—Heb. 11. 26.

1 MY soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the heavenly prize!
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
Still beams around his brow,
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large, immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.

4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My stedfast soul shall move.

5 With ardent eye that great reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

C.M.

567

The God of all grace hath called us unto His eternal glory.—1 Pet. 5. 10.

1 HOW rich Thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.

3 Jesus, the herald of His love,
Displays the radiant prize;
And shows the purchase of His blood
To our admiring eyes.

4 He perfects what His hand begins,
And stone on stone He lays;
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to His praise.

5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

568

112th.

He led them forth by the right way.—Ps. 107. 7.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely:
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
We hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight,
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saints abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

S.M.

569 *To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty.*—Jude 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His Almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us save from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,

Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And Heaven's eternal song.

C.M.

570 *Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place, and forgive.*—1 Kings 8. 39.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, Thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven Thy dwelling now,
And answer and forgive.

2 When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

3 When harassed by ten thousand foes
Our helplessness we feel;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure
By storm or calm,—in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

5 As age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee may we have peace.

7 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,

May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at Thy right hand.

571

8.7.

Waiting for the consolation of Israel.—Luke 2. 25.

1 COME, Thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art:
Dear desire of every nation—
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

572

L.M.

I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.
—Ps. 104. 33.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise,
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains:
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and fills eternity.

573 C.M.

Our citizenship is in heaven.—Phil. 3. 20.

1 SAVIOUR! we seek Thy high abode,
Where perfect joy is found;
Along a strange and dangerous road,
And through enchanted ground.

2 But we will tread the desert through,
With eager, hopeful feet:
For our great Captain shall subdue
The terrors that we meet.

3 A thousand savage beasts of prey,
Around the forest roar;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And they can hurt no more.

4 Storm, mist, and darkness dwell below,
And long and frequent night;
Therefore it is we gladly go
To everlasting light.

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
And cheer our path with heavenly lays,
Up to the heavenly hill.

6 And often, to our faith's clear sight,
The glorious city nears!
And then, indeed, our hopes are bright,
And we forget our fears.

7 See the kind angels at the gates,
Smile forth their greetings fair;
And Jesus our Forerunner waits
To give us entrance there.

8 So, faith and patience, still hold on!
Trust in the Master's love;
Trials and toils will soon be gone,
And home be reached above.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

C.M.

574 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*—Heb. 4. 9.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the Rest of faith impart,
The *Sabbath of Thy* love.

575

7s.

The Sun of righteousness.—Mal. 4. 2.

1 O FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and cheer our eyes.

2 Distant from Thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God;
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.

3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire;
Make us feel Thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.

4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness are Thine.

576

L.M.

The inheritance of the saints in light.—Col. 1. 12.

1 AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between:
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers:
No more he grieves for troubles past;

Nor any future trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends
To lead us on to Thine abode,
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

577

7s.

Seek those things which are above.—Col. 3, 2.

1 HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
To our home of heavenly birth:
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

2 Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is nought in earthly things
Worthy to be all thine aim;
Every soul, whom God inspires,
Up to Him, its source, aspires.

3 Heavenwards! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His word,
Showing me the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord:
When His word expands my thought,
Up to heaven my soul is caught.

4 Heavenwards! heavenwards! ever this
Be my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth:

Heavenward let my being tend,
Till in heaven my journey end.

C.M.

578 *Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.* Rom. 13. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise the sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

579 8.8.6.

He hath prepared for them a city.—Heb. 11. 16.

1 BEYOND the dark and stormy bound
That girds our dull horizon round,
A lovelier landscape swells;
Resplendent seat of light and peace,
In thee the sounds of conflict cease,
And glory ever dwells.

2 For thee the early patriarch sighed,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
And hailed the blest abode;
A stranger here, he sought a home,
Fixed in a city yet to come,
The city of his God.

3 Oft by Siloa's sacred stream,
In heavenly trance and raptured dream,
To faithful Israel shown;
Triumphant over all her foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,—
Jehovah's promised throne.

4 We, too, O Lord, would seek that land,
Follow the tribes that crowd its strand,
From every peril saved;
And march, as when in olden time
Were marshalled all Thy host sublime,
And high Thy banner waved.

580

C.M.

To die is gain.—Phil. 1. 21.

1 WHEN musing sorrow mourns the past,
And weeps o'er present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is, that conscience deeply feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path to realms of light:
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

6 O let me wing my hallowed way
From earth-born woe and care:
And soar above, to perfect day,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

C.M.

581 *Absent from the body . . . present with the Lord.*—2 Cor. 5. 8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall:
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 Tis He, by His Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven:
And as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His word:
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we would rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord with Thee.

S.M.

582 *There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying.*—Rev. 21. 4.

1 O LET our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That heaven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;

2 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:—

Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

3 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There shall we see each others' face,
And all our brethren greet:

4 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest!
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before,
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.

6 The saints of ancient days,
We shall with them sit down,
Who fought the fight, and ran the race,
And then received the crown.

L.M.

583 *The ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion.*—Isa. 35. 10.

1 O ZION, when I think on Thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see their Saviour, eye to eye.

3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness my path attends.

4 But *yet we shall behold* the day
When Zion's children shall return;

Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we're distant far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

584

8.7.8.7.7.7.

What is your life? it is even a vapour.—James 4. 14.

1 WHAT is life? tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper:
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory: how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love;
Through the heavens His praise resounding
Fills the blissful courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go and share His people's glory,
Midst the ransomed crowd appear,
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

585

6.6.8.6.8.8.

Departed for a season.—Philemon 15.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

586

L.M.

Here have we no continuing city.—Heb. 13. 14.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth, were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

148th.

587 *Even we ourselves groan within ourselves.*—Rom. 8. 23.

1 O HEAVEN, abode of saints,
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints;
I long to be at home:
O world of peace, O land of rest,
When shall I reach thee and be blest?

2 O Death, once dreaded foe!
Thy name no fear inspires;
Thine icy hand, I know,
Will quench corruption's fires;
And not a spark be left within
Which aught can kindle into sin.

3 The worm, I know, will feed
On my unconscious form;
But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm;
And when that form is raised anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.

4 Jesus, my Life above,
Repairer of my fall!
Oh, by Thy risen love,
Receive my humble call:

Bid me in perfect faith rely
On Thee, in whom I never die,

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

588 *They desire a better country, that is an heavenly.*
—Heb. 11. 16.

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

7.6.

589 *Reaching forth unto those things which are before.* —Phil. 3. 13.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above:
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

8.8.6.

590 *I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.* —Ps. 17. 15.

1 TIS sweet on earth at early morn
To wake restored, when faint and worn
We laid us down at even;
How sweet, when last we sink to rest,
Pallid and spent, amid the blest
To wake restored in heaven!

2 On earth, if oft at morning's dawn,
Lost strength return, that strength is gone
When evening comes again;
In heaven renewed, our angel powers
Shall yield not to a few brief hours,
But ever fresh remain.

3 On earth, though we may wake and smile
With new-born joy, a little while
And tears may tell our woe;
In heaven, who once with joy awake,
Shall still unceasing bliss partake
As endless ages flow.

4 Who then that knows Thy power and will,
Atoning Lord! from every ill
To shield him, and to save,
Would shun the swift approaching close
Of this frail life, and the repose
That waits him in the grave?

C.M.

591

We look . . . at the things which are not seen.
—2 Cor. 4. 18.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall:
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my All.

4 There shall I *bathe* my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

S.M.

592 *Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.* —Mic. 2. 10.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce beneath the pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years:
And all that life is Love.

4 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect bliss, the Rest
Of immortality.

593 L.M.

Thou art my portion, O Lord.—Ps. 119. 57.

1 MY soul to God, its source, aspires!
Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires!
Be Thou my Portion; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possest.

2 O let Thy sacred word impart
Its generous influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that Thou art mine.

3 Thy blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more,-

5 O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where Thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near Thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

L.M.

594 *As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness.* —Ps. 17. 15.

1 LORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of strife against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

2 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

3 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

4 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chain with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

L.M.

595 *Strangers and pilgrims.*—1 Pet. 2. 11.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall ought beguile us on the road
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the fair dawn of heaven below.

C.M.

596 *A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* —2 Cor. 4. 17.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
And joys that never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One:
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

597

C.M.

I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory.—Ex. 33. 18.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode;
To leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.

2 Here I behold Thy distant face,
And tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasures spring fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move:
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5 There would I vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss:
While less than nothing I would boast,
And vanity confess.

6 The more Thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

598

S.M.

In my Father's house are many mansions.
—John 14. 2.

1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,

A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me:
My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned
My dwelling-place with God.

2 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure:
He passed through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.
The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given,
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

3 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done:
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.

4 But more than all I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold:
That bright, yet tender smile—
My sweetest welcome there
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I tarry for Him here.

5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee:

And then, through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

599

7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

Seek those things which are above.—Col. 3. 1.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch Thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay:
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

C.M.

600 *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*
—Rev. 14. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They sleep in Jesus and are blest:
How soft their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

C.M.

601 *An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled.*
—1 Pet. 1. 4.

1 BLEST be the Everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;

Tis uncorrupted, undefiled.
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

C.M.

602

The victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
—1 Cor. 15. 57.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death! thy sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure!
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

C.M.

603

The righteous hath hope in his death.—Prov. 14. 32.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

6.6.4.

604

Give ear unto my cry, hold not Thy peace at my tears.—Ps. 39. 12.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou.

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away:
Aid us, O God.

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!

Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

605

P.M.

O grave, where is thy victory?—1 Cor. 15. 55.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame;
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

606

L.M.

Let me die the death of the righteous.—Num. 23. 10.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies *a wave along* the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

607 C.M.

He shall enter into peace.—Isa. 57. 2.

1 HOW softly on the western hills,
The sunset light is shed!
So Christ the Lord sheds forth His peace,
Around the dying bed.

2 How quietly the glowing sky
Melts into deeper gloom;
So calm the Christian fades away
Into his Saviour's tomb.

3 The sun is gone, but round the heavens
The crimson hues are cast;
So sweet the memory left behind,
When good men breathe their last.

4 And now, above the dews of night,
The vesper star appears;
Thus faith lights up the mourner's heart,—
Lights up the mourner's tears.

5 The darkness deepens; sure to bring
The morning in the skies;
So all that sleep in Jesus now,
In glory shall arise.

608

7s.

He will swallow up death in victory.—Isa. 25. 8.

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee:
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory:
Free and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Hath for us the conflict won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is releast,
Lightened of his earthly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered in to God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life;
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and soars, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4 Join we, then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

Can reach the forms that slumber here,
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the b
Rest here, dear saint, till from His thron
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form:
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

P.M.

610 *Sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope.*
—1 Thess. 4. 13.

1 THOU art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness
Encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has passed
Through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love

And sinners may hope,
Since the sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave,
And, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit
In fear lingered long:
But the sunshine of Paradise
Beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st
Was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave,
But 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom,
Thy guardian, and guide.
He gave thee, He took thee,
And He will restore thee;
And death has no sting,
Since the Saviour has died.

611

C.M.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. 2. 3.

1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry;
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

3 We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest:
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.

4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard:
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

612

8.7.

I will receive you unto Myself.—John 14. 3.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Holding forth the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast:
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

4 For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

613

7s.

That they may rest from their labours.—Rev. 14. 13

1 BROTHER! thou art gone before;
While we weep, Thy soul hath flown,
Where the tears can fall no more,
For all sorrow is unknown:—
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and toil releast;
There the wicked trouble not,
And the weary are at rest.

2 Ended is thy toilsome way,
And laid down thy heavy load,
Free thy spirit soars away
To thy Saviour's own abode:
There the holy and the good
Welcome thee with greeting blest;
There the wicked harm no more,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Doubts nor fears thy faith assail;
Christ, long trusted in below,
Doth not in His glory fail!
Thou art leaning now in love,
On thy great Redeemer's breast;
There the wicked trouble not,
And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Here, mid earthly gloom, is said,
And we part—for part we must—
Weeping, from thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit's birth-day, now,
Is in heaven's sweet home confest;
Where the wicked harm no more,
And the weary are at rest.

5 When the Lord for us shall send,
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we each thy tranquil end,
And abundant entrance find;
Each like thee depart in peace,
To be there a glorious guest;
Where all earthly troubles cease,
And the weary are at rest.

7s.

614 *We have a building of God, a house not made with hands.*—2 Cor. 5. 1.

1 SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life He breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 Prisoner, long detained below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome, from a world of woe!
Welcome, to a land of rest!
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

615

C.M.

This mortal must put on immortality.—1 Cor. 15. 1

1 GIVE dust to dust! and here we leave
The earthly seed to die;
That so this mortal may receive
Its immortality.

2 Spirit to spirits purified;
And [his] hath soared on high,
Hath joined the members glorified—
The brethren in the sky.

3 Saviour, Thy love unites us all,
The living and the dead;
Tis but one body mystical,
And but one glorious Head.

4 Keep us in fellowship of soul
With the dear saint that's gone;
Make us in worship, service, love,
Like those before the throne.

5 And now to Him who conquered death
United praise be given:
Amidst the parting tears of earth,
The welcome-palms of heaven.

C.M.

616

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory.
—1 Cor. 15. 57.

1 THOUGH tears will fall, and hearts are stirred,
We know in whom we trust,
And confident in His sure word,
We bear the "dust to dust."

2 We sow this seed in earth to die,
In the great Master's name;
Type of decay and vanity,
In weakness and in shame.

3 It shall arise a holy shrine
Of glory, beauty, might,
Fit for a spirit made divine,
All purity, all light.

4 Thanks be to God, there is no death,
For all that trust His word;
Thanks be to God for victory,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

C.M.

617

He fell asleep.—Acts 7. 60.

1 HE "fell asleep" in Christ his Lord:
He gave to Him to keep
The soul His great love had redeemed,
Then calmly went to sleep:
And as a tired bird folds its wing,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down, in trusting faith,
And did not dread the night.

2 He "fell asleep" in Jesus' love:
So on its mother's breast

The little child is comforted
When there it goes to rest,
His was a childlike confidence,
And as he closed his eyes,
The whisper was within his soul,
"To-day in Paradise."

3 Now is the spirit with the Lord;
And soon the mouldering frame
Shall put on immortality,
And rise in Jesus' name,
A tenement of radiant light,
A shrine for the blest soul,
To worship in, rejoice, and serve,
While the great ages roll.

618 L.M.

I will redeem them from death.—Hosea 13. 14.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous souls we mortals are
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh; if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

619 C.M.

The good land that is beyond Jordan.—Deut. 3. 25.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

620 S.M. or 6.6.8.6.4.7.

They declare plainly that they seek a better country. —Heb. 11. 14.

1 FROM *Egypt* lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,

We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
[Hallelujah:
We are on our way to God.]

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy:
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

112th.

621 *Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*—1 Cor. 13. 12.

1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,

How shall we view the Prince of light,
And all His works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine!

3 Well, He has fixed the happy day
When the last tear shall fill our eyes,
And God shall wipe that tear away,
And fill us with divine surprise
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace!

4 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

8s.

622 *In whom believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.* —1 Pet. 1. 8.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

2 My Saviour! whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

3 Dissolve Thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion with Thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

5 And then never more shall the fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose!

6 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise:
They'll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise!

L.M.

623 *There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.*—Rev. 21. 27.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed;
Fulness of joy and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms, powe
And saints made perfect triumph thus:
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word!
In those our Saviour's steps we trace;
By this His living voice is heard.

6 Firm in His footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of His love!
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

624

C.M.

The holy city, new Jerusalem.—Rev. 21. 2.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

625

S.M.

The former things are passed away.—Rev. 21. 4.

1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;

There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.

2 Tis conflict here below;
Tis triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 Tis gloom and darkness here;
Tis light and joy above:
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing!
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King,
In one eternal song.

626 S.M.

So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. 4. 17.

1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above.

5 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, so shall I stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord!

627 C.M.

Redeemed from among men.—Rev. 14. 4.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their victory came;—
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,—
His zeal inspired their breast,—

1 FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eye
Shall o'er Thy glories rove;
Through endless ages I'll adore
The wonders of Thy love.

629 50th.

The inheritance of the saints in light.—Col.

1 ON wings of faith mount up my soul a

2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns victorious.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
There the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head and sovereign virtue bears:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns victorious.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns victorious.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!—
Jesus! to Thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For there my Saviour lives all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns victorious.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

630

What are these which are arrayed in white robes?—Rev. 7. 13.

1 WHO are these in dazzling brightness
Bearing the victorious palm?
And *in robes of* purest whiteness,
Raising high their noble psalm?

"Glory be to God on high,
Glory to the Lamb," they cry.

2 Out of fearful tribulation
They are come this joy to gain,
And from every land and nation,
Each one washed from earthly stain;
Cleansed by the atoning blood,
All appear before their God.

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
Now they serve Him day and night,
And with them He dwells in light.

4 Hunger they no more for ever,
For the Lamb Himself shall feed;
Thirst not,—unto Life's own river,
Them the Infinite shall lead:
And the tears of earth's short day,
God Himself shall wipe away.

C.M.

631 *They are without fault before the throne of God.*
—Rev. 14. 5.

1 WHAT countless crowd on Zion stands,
From every land and tongue,
The palm branch waving in their hands,
The white robes round them flung.

2 These out of tribulation came,
The thorny crown they wore:
Believing, they confest His name,
Whose cross they meekly bore.

3 In the Lamb's life-blood washed they white
Their robes of sin and woe,
Now round His glorious throne of light
Purer they shine than snow.

4 Sinners no more, in Him complete,
Their Saviour's love they sing!
While angels, listening, learn to greet,
With loftier joys their King.

5 We mourn our sins; with faint desire
A faltering prayer we raise;
But sinners ransomed lead the choir
Of everlasting praise!

7s.

632 *Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands* —Rev. 7. 9.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Conquerors, priests, and kings are they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Round the altar, priests confess
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

4 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom,—it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

5 Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,

May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

633

8.7.4.

And again they said, Alleluia.—Rev. 19. 3.

1 HALLELUJAH! high and glorious
Concert of the upper sky!
Hallelujah! Church victorious!
How ye lift the strain on high!
We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

2 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn:
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Midst our joyous strains are borne,
Pilgrims, strangers,
In the wilderness we mourn.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Grant us Thy complete salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see:
Hallelujah!
Then our endless song shall be.

634

C.M.

Absent from the body . . . present with the Lord.
—2 Cor. 5. 8.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, they're gone!
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much—and this is all—we know,
They are supremely blest,
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

S.M.

635 *Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.*—Luke 21. 28.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er;
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal sabbath-day.

5 Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign.

6 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that great day,
And wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

But what the robes of white they wea
It doth not yet appear.

3 And there are ransomed spirits too,
Who once were pilgrims here;
But how the Saviour's face they view-
It doth not yet appear.

4 And there are sweet commingling tho
And blest communion there;
But how they blend their heavenly no
It doth not yet appear.

5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer;
But how they sweep their harps on hi
It doth not yet appear.

6 Then, O my soul, with patience wait,
The happy hour is near,
When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,
Where it will all appear!

637 C.M.

In Thy presence is fulness of joy.—Ps. 16. 1

3 Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

4 Behold those blessed feet of His,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

5 His head, the dear majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

6 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But, when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

638

8s.

The things which are not seen.—2 Cor. 4. 18.

1 WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,
But what will it be, to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be, to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be, to be there!

4 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is, to be there.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS UNITY.

C.M.

639 *Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.*—Jer. 50. 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims for the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to His temple haste,
And seek His favour there;
Before His footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings He bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay
The covenant of His grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

C.M.

640 *Fellow-citizens with the saints.*—Eph. 2. 19.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;

They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne!
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads:
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

641

8.6.8.6.8.8.

And of the household of God.—Eph. 2. 19.

1 HOW sweet to think that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family.

2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found,
In our fair, peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.

3 "Our Father," is the hallowed sound
They breathe from day to day!
Trained by His love, their steps are found
In the same heavenward way;
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile cheers.

4 Yes, they are one—though some, we know,
Have reached the home of love:
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above;

In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there.

642

S.M.

That they all may be one.—John 17. 21.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

643

7s.

How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.—Ps. 133. 1.

1 TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree;
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above:
Lord, our great example be,
Teach us all to love like Thee.

2 As the precious ointment, shed
Upon Aaron's hallowed head,
Downward through His garments stole,
Spreading odours o'er the whole;
So from our High Priest above
To His church flows heavenly love.

3 Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all,
Such is Christian union, shed
On the members from the Head.

644

C.M.

Be kindly affectionate one to another.—Rom. 12. 10.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above;
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and kind esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

645

L.M.

Be ye all of one mind.—1 Pet. 3. 8.

1 O LORD, my Saviour, and my King,
Of all I love, or hope, the spring;
Send down Thy Spirit from above,
And *warm my heart* with holy love.

2 May I from every act abstain
That hurts or gives my brother pain!
Nay, every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

3 With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe;
And bear a sympathising part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

4 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of Thine;
And thus may I Thy follower prove,
Great Prince of peace, great God of love.

646

S.M.

Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.—Gal. 3. 28.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

647

C.M.

Be of the same mind one toward another.—Rom. 12. 16.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,

Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might,
While all His works with all His ways
Harmoniously unite.

3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

648 S.M.

Bear ye one another's burdens.—Gal. 6. 2.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain:

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

649

7s.

Like-minded one toward another.—Rom. 15. 5.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee;
Let us in Thy name agree;
Shew Thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above,
And, with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

650

7s.

Be of the same mind in the Lord.—Phil. 4. 2.

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below,
Stedfast may we cleave to Thee,
Love the mystic union be.

Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine;
Lead us through the paths of peace
On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void:
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

651 L.M.

One body and one spirit.—Eph. 4. 4.

1 LORD! cause Thy face on us to shine,
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thine earthly dwelling-place.

2 May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness;
And all Thy power and glory see
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.

3 O King of Salem! Prince of peace!
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease,
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One *body, spirit, hope,* reward:

6 Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appe
Save those who preach, and those who

652

C.M.

Love never faileth.—1 Cor. 13. 8.

1 LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2 O what a garden will be seen,
When all the flowers of grace
Appear in everlasting green
Before the Planter's face!

3 No more exposed to burning skies,
Or winter's piercing cold;
What never-dying sweets will rise
From every opening fold!

4 No want of sun or showers above

6 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun;
Among them walks the King,
Whose presence is eternal noon;
His smile eternal spring.

653

C.M.

The whole family in heaven and earth.—Eph. 3. 15.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize;
And, on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church, above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now by faith we join our hands,
With those who went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,
On the eternal shore.

6 This moment to their endless home
There pass some spirits blest,
And we are to the margin come,
And wait our call to rest.

7 O Jesus, be our constant Guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And *land us all in* heaven!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS PRIVILEGES.

654 L.M.

Who can shew forth all His praise?—Ps. 106. 2.

1 TO God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of Thy ways?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

3 Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

4 O may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumph with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

655 L.M.

He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.—Ps. 92. 12.

1 LORD, tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thine hand:
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with Thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;

Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true,
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

656

L.M.

God will establish it for ever.—Ps. 48. 8.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on His counsels and His love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against His throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect His brightest praise.

657

L.M.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.
—Ps. 87. 3.

1 GOD in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories are described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account,
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

658 S.M.

The joy of the whole earth is mount Zion.—Ps. 48. 2.

1 GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

659

S.M.

This God is our God for ever and ever.—Ps. 48. 14.

1 FAR as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill:
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view Thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

660

C.M.

The general assembly and church of the firstborn.—Heb. 12. 23.

1 NOT to the terror of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,

Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
For all who dwell where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

112th.

661 *Ye are come unto mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem* —Heb. 12. 22.

1 NOT to the mount that burned with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing high and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth His law:—

2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,—
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod;
Where meet in everlasting love,
The church of the first-born above:

3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,

Jesus our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling, from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4 O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!
To-day are life and death our choice;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give;
Now let us hear His voice and live.

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

662

A river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.—Ps. 46. 4.

1 FROM the throne of God there springs
A pure, a crystal stream:
Life and peace and joy it brings
To His Jerusalem:
Rivers of refreshing grace
Through the sacred city flow,
Watering all the hallowed place
Where God resides below.

2 God most merciful, most high,
Doth in His Zion dwell;
Kept by Him her towers defy
The strength of earth and hell.
Guardian of the chosen race,
Jesus doth His church defend;
Saves them by His timely grace,
And saves them to the end.

L.M.

663

God is our refuge and strength.—Ps. 46. 1.

1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour:
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power

8.7.

664 *Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*
—Ps. 87. 3.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Round each habitation hovering,
See! the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them Kings and Priests to God:
Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

665 C.M.

The Highest Himself shall establish her.—Ps. 87. 5.

1 UPON the holy mountains high
Are His foundations still,
Though silent, sad, and desolate,
Is Zion's ruined hill;
God hath a lofty city, where
His standard is unfurled;
His one church, reared on faithful hearts,
That rise above the world!

2 Beyond earth's mists its turrets stand
In the clear light of heaven;
And there Jehovah dwells in power,
There, is His spirit given;
Jehovah loves His children's homes,
But more His own abode;
All glorious is thy destiny,
O *city of our God!*

3 The Highest shall establish thee,
To glorify His name;
All nations soon shall flocking press,
In thee a place to claim:
Within thy safe and beauteous walls,
The songs shall never cease,
In thee are all our springs of joy,
The fountains of our peace!

666

L.M.

Happy art thou, O Israel.—Deut. 33. 29.

1 O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!
Unrivalled all thy glories are;
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all His own.

2 He is thy Saviour, He thy Lord,
His shield is thine, and thine His sword;
Review in ecstacy of thought,
The great redemption He has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke He sets thee free,
Opens thy passage through the sea;
He through the desert is thy Guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host;
Their glories, which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit! teach our tongue
Sublimer strains than Moses sung,
Proportioned to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

667

S.M.

The cloud covered it by day, and . . . fire by night. Numb. 9. 16.

1 WHERE is the Hebrews' God,
Who kept them night and day?

Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
Which showed Thy church their way?

2 No symbol visible
We of Thy presence find;
Yet all who would obey Thy will,
Shall know their Father's mind.

3 Father, Thou still dost lead
The children of Thy grace,
The chosen and believing seed,
Throughout this wilderness:

4 Our chart Thy written word,
Thy Spirit is our guide,
And Christ, the glory of our Lord,
Doth in our hearts reside.

668

C.M.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh. 8. 10.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our Glory and Defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

669

8.7.4.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.
—Ps. 89. 15.

1 O HOW blest the congregation
Who the gospel know and prize;
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies!
He is near them,
Knows their wants, and hears their cries.

2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting, in His favour,
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move

3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe!
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.

4 God will keep His own anointed,
Nought shall harm them, none condemn
All their trials are appointed,
All must work for good to them;
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

C.M.

670 *Who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.*—Rev. 2. 1.

1 WE bless the eternal Source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And through this dark, beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.

2 We bless the Church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are;
Fixed in the temple of His love,
To shine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preserved,
Still fed with oil the flame,
And in deep characters inscribed
Our heavenly Master's name.

4 Then, while between our ranks He walks,
And all our state surveys,

His smiles shall with new lustre deck,
The people of His praise.

C.M.

671

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion.
—Ps. 102. 13.

1 LET Zion, and her sons rejoice:
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt His power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

672

8.7.

Thy God thy glory.—Isa. 60. 19.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken!
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS OFFICERS.

L.M.

673 *Receive him in the Lord with all gladness.*—Phil. 2. 29.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted Head;
Come as a servant, so He came,
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel; hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That safely walking at thy side,
We faint not, fail not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

L.M.

674 *I will give you pastors according to Mine heart.* —Jer. 3. 15.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, Thou dost keep
With constant care Thy humble sheep;
From Thee the under-shepherds come
To feed our souls and guide us home.

2 To all Thy churches such impart,
Pastors according to Thy heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all Thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here Thou hast listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on Thine house;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes Thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

L.M.

675 *Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.*—Rom. 15. 30.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace adore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

C.M.

676 *He gave gifts unto men.*—Eph. 4. 8.

1 CHIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May all Thine under-shepherds keep
Their eyes intent on Thee!

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute Thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;

And, gracious Lord, O let them feel
The sacred truths they preach!

677

C.M.

They watch for your souls.—Heb. 13. 17.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And should'st Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

678

L.M.

They commended them to the Lord.—Acts 14. 23.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend,
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey Thy will.

3 Before him Thy protection send,
O love him, save him, to the end;
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove
Without the convoy of Thy love.

L.M.

679 *Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.*—Ps. 132. 9.

1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! Thine assembled servants bless:
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee;
Saviour! like stars in Thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To watch and pray and never faint:
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

L.M.

680 *O Lord, revive Thy work.*—Hab. 3. 2.

1 GREAT Lord of all Thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer:
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies!

2 May every pastor from above
Be now inspired with zeal and love,

To watch Thy fold, to feed Thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.

3 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old Thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

681

L.M.

Brethren, pray for us.—1 Thess. 5. 25.

1 SPIRIT of Christ, Thy grace be given
To those who lead Thine host, that they
With might may wield the sword of heaven,
And feel Thee on their weary way.

2 Oft as at morn or soothing eve
Over the Fount of Truth they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene:—

3 Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour;
Till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

4 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And *mists hang* wide o'er moor and fell,

Spirit of Counsel and of Might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

5 And oh, when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And, brooding o'er remembered sin,—

6 The heart dies down,—O mightiest, then
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear!

S.M.

682 *In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening.* —Eccl. 11. 6.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots tis found,
Go forth then everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
Thence when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come;
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest Home."

683

8.7.4.

Cry aloud, spare not.—Isa. 58. 1.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

Of this gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save,
Go, where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will His own defend:
Borne afar, midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

684

7s.

Preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16. 15.

GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning fly!
Take the wonder-working rod;
Lift the Saviour's cross on high.

Go to many a tropic isle,
In *the bosom of the* deep,

Where the skies for ever smile,
And the opprest for ever weep.

3 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven:
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the gorgeous East,
Wide the wondrous cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call;
Visit every soil and sea,
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ whose love is full and free.

L.M.

685 *In due season we shall reap if we faint not.—Gal. 6. 9.*

GO, Messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

3 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Bright with the dews of morning's womb!

4 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name, by every tongue confest;
His praise, the universal theme.

5 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;

Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

686

L.M.

Be thou faithful unto death.—Rev. 2. 10.

1 REAPER! behold the fields are white
With the great harvest of the world!
Soldier! seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by blood;
Warn with thy tears,—preach in deep love
The gospel of the grace of God.

3 Toil on in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day!
The shadows lengthen,—night is near:

4 And say not that thy hands are weak,
Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast down,
But press thou on the prize to seek;—
Faithful to death,—secure the crown.

5 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
The welcome cry, Behold I come!
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home.

687

C.M.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Ps. 121. 5.

1 OUR eyes we lift up to the hills
From whence comes all our aid,
And say, Jehovah be Thy help,
Who *heaven and* earth hath made!

4 Thy going out and coming in,
As days and years shall roll,
The Lord preserve from evil safe!
The Lord preserve thy soul!

L.M.

688 *Let them use the office of a deacon, being fou blameless.*—1 Tim. 3. 10.

1 GREAT King of saints! enthroned c
Under Thy care Thy churches live
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

2 For pastors may Thy name be blest,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord
On deacons may Thy favour rest,
Chosen according to Thy word.

3 While they their works assigned fulfil
O may their souls with grace be crow
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.

4 Sound in the faith, in conscience clear

689

L.M.

We trust that He will yet deliver us.—2 Cor. 1. 10.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 With power benign, Thy servant spare;
Nor turn aside Thy people's prayer;
Avert Thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

3 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out Thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Be Thou his strength, be Thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

690

C.M.

Lo, I am with you alway.—Matt. 28. 20.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,—
The aged and the young,—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue:—

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;

His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

5 Lo, I am with you, saith the Lord,
My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake Mine own,
Whose souls in Me confide.

6 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

691 C.M.

Wherefore comfort one another.—1 Thess. iv. 18.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past; their work is done;
And they are fully blest:
They've fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.

5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to His church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;

But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

S.M.

692 *They were not suffered to continue by reason of death.* —Heb. 7. 23.

1 REST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Marked thee till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Saviour! into Thy hands
Our pastor we resign,
And now we wait Thine own commands,
We were not his, but Thine.

5 Thou art Thy church's Head;
And, when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead;
To Thee we lift our eye;—

6 On Thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

693 S.M.

Well done, good and faithful servant.—Matt. 25. 23.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter *thy Master's* joy.

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS ORDINANCES—BAPTISM.

(*See also* CHRISTIAN LIFE: COMMENCEMENT.)

694 C.M.

Baptized in the name of the Lord.—Acts 10. 48.

1 HOW great, how solemn, is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to Thee we pray.

2 Lord, may we feel as once we felt,
When, pained and grieved at heart,

Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
Relieved our keenest smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our fear, our love, our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy;
Vain world begone! let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst Thee, our Saviour, and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from Thy throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our spirits raise;
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to Thy praise.

695

C.M.

Baptized into His death.—Rom. 6. 3.

1 A MIGHTY mystery we set forth,
A wondrous sign and seal;
Lord, give our hearts to know its worth,
And all its truth to feel.

2 Death to the world, we thus avow,
Death to each sinful lust;
The risen Life is our Life now,
The risen Christ, our trust.

3 Baptized into the Father's name,
We're children of our God;
Baptized into the Son, we claim
The ransom of His blood;—

4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,

Give us to own the Pentecost,
And the descending Power!

696

C.M.

Thy vows are upon me, O God.—Ps. 56. 12.

1 WE gave ourselves to Thee, O Lord,
Content to be despised;
When we, obedient to Thy word,
Believed, and were baptized.

2 Then we avowed that we would die
Unto the world and sin,
And live for immortality,
And be for ever Thine.

3 Oh! never may our souls forget
Those solemn, joyful days,
Which live in grateful memory yet,
And prompt our hearts to praise.

4 Let not those holy joys be lost,
Let not our love expire;
Baptize us in the Holy Ghost,
Baptize in sacred fire!

5 And these who own their Lord to-day,
O keep them true and pure;
May they Thy glorious grace display,
And to the end endure.

697

S.M.

Blessed be the Lord, even the God of our salvation. —Ps. 68. 19.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at His feet,
By mercy conquered, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all.

3 When heaven's opening gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet;
And Jesus at their entrance waits
To place them on His seat.

4 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing!

698

C.M.

When they heard it, they glorified God.—Acts 21. 20.

1 THERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 Come saints, and hear what God has done,
Is a reviving sound;
O may it oft refresh our souls,
And spread the globe around.

3 Often, O Sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see His seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God! this work is all Thine own;
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give Thee the glory due.

699

7.6.

Buried with Him in baptism.—Col. 2. 12.

1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command:
So Thee in faith we follow,
And *trace Thy* path of love,

Through the strange solemn waters,
Up to Thy throne above.

2 Lord Jesus! we remember
The coldness of Thy tomb—
The silence and the darkness—
The corpse within the gloom:
After Thy cross and passion,
The deep sleep came at last;
O'er the Eternal radiance
The mortal shadow passed.

3 But now Thou art arisen!
Thy travail all is o'er,
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou shalt die no more!
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou First-born from the dead!

4 Into Thy death baptized,
O let us with Thee die:
And clothe us with Thy risen life,
And wholly sanctify:
So freed from the old nature,
And ransomed by Thy blood,
May we pass on to glory,
Alive with Thee to God.

S.M.

700 *Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.*—Jer. 50. 5.

1 COME ye that fear the Lord,
And love Him while ye fear:
Come, and with heart and hand record,
Your vow and covenant here.

2 Vow to be His alone,
Who bought you with a price;

Now render back to God His own,
By free-will sacrifice.

3 Here to His altar brought,
Your covenant renew,
To be in word, and deed, and thought,
Faithful to Him and true.

4 And true and faithful He
To you will ever prove,
Though hills were swept into the sea,
And mountains should remove.

5 Then be His law our choice,
The joy of young and old,
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,
And follow to the fold.

6 So shall His staff and rod,
Conduct us and defend;
God is a covenant-keeping God,
And loves unto the end.

701 C.M.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.—Gen. 24. 31.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our kindred, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear,
They lend their mutual powers.

4 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;

Stand but in Him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

5 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

702

7s.

We also should walk in newness of life.—Rom. 6. 4.

1 CHILDREN of the King of grace,
As from earth to heaven ye go,
Your Redeemer's footsteps trace,
Follow Him in all ye do.

2 His sweet presence you will find
Shining on you as ye go;
Cast your fears and cares behind,
Trust Him, He will bring you through.

3 You are buried with the Lord;
In the Lord you rise again;
Now you live upon His word
Who to ransom you was slain.

4 Hear the voice that speaks from heaven,
This is My appointed way,
You, whose sins He has forgiven,
Follow Him without delay.

5 Mighty Saviour, we obey
Thy Divine commanding voice;
Thou hast taught our feet the way,
In Thy mandate we rejoice.

6 On Thy promise we rely,
Hear us from Thy lofty throne,
Shine upon us from on high,
Bless and seal us as Thy own.

703

8.7.

Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.
—Matt. 3. 15.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's atoning blood,

Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to Him your only Saviour,
In His mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour
Own Him as your only Guide.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to His gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befal you,
While you make His ways your choice:
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in My name:"
He Himself in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay;
Gladly His command embracing,
Your Forerunner leads the way:
View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies!
Be interred at His commanding,—
After His example rise.

C.M.

704 *If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.*—John 12. 26.

1 DEAR Lord, and will Thy pardoning love
Embrace a soul so vile?
Wilt Thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with Thy smile?

2 Hast Thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With Thee to be baptized?

3 Dear Lord, *the ardour* of Thy love
Reproves my cold delays;

And now my willing footsteps move
In Thy delightful ways.

8.7.4.

705 *If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself*
—Matt. 16. 24.

1 HAST Thou said, exalted Jesus,
Take Thy cross and follow me?
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow Thee.

2 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me:
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to Thee:
Oh! what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be.

3 Should it rend some fond connexion,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,—
I have been where Jesus was,—
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

4 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to all around,
So I rise to enjoy the blessing,
Kept for those in Jesus found,—
When the Archangel,
Wakes the sleepers under ground.

5 Then baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly with the immortal story,
All the harps of heaven shall ring:
Saints and seraphs
Sound it loud from every string.

706

C.M.

Hinder me not.—Gen. 24. 56.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

707

C.M.

Then cometh Jesus . . . to be baptized.—Matt. 3. 13.

1 TIS the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
Tis He whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father hailed Him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As, in the image of His death,
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave,
Along the path He trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God!

4 Blest Spirit! with intense desire,
Solicitous we bow;

Baptize us in renewing fire,
And ratify the vow.

5 Let earth and heaven our pledge record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

708

L.M.

Baptized into His death.—Rom. 6. 3.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptized into His death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lords we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

709

C.M.

Buried with Him by baptism into death.—Rom. 6. 4.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, at His Father's hand He sits,
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns Himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 O that our souls from earth could rise
On wings of faith and love:
*A*bove, our choicest treasure lies—
*L*ord, set our hearts above.

C.M.

710 *A good profession before many witnesses.*—1 Tim. 6. 12.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely:
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways:
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

113th.

711 *Buried with Him by baptism into death.*—Rom. 6. 4.

1 BAPTIZED into the Saviour's death,
O may we die to all beneath,
And live henceforth to Him alone,
Serve Him with zeal and patience here,
And wait till He, our life, appear,
And raise us to a heavenly throne.

2 That holy rite, that solemn vow,
May we its heavenly influence know,
Born from above, and kept and blest;
So passed Thy people through the flood,
So, guided by the shadowing cloud,
They gained the promised Canaan's rest.

3 Tis done; the great transaction's (
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to p
When called on angels' bread to fe

5 High heaven, that heard the solem
That vow renewed shall daily hear
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

C.M.

713 *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghos fire.*—Matt. 3. 11.

1 LORD, Thou hast promised to b
Those in the Holy Ghost,
Whose faith on Thee alone relies,
Thy cross their only boast.

2 Baptize us in Thy Spirit, Lord

Faith, hope, and love, with every grace,
The panoply of God!

4 So may we, in temptation's hour,
Ourselves the victory win,
And rescue others from the power
Of Satan and of sin.

5 So may we constant gladness feel,
Love God, our Father, more,
And serve with undecaying zeal
Thyself, whom we adore.

6 So may we go from strength to strength,
And daily grow in grace,
Till in Thine image raised at length,
We see Thee face to face.

714

S.M.

Yield yourselves unto God.—Rom. 6. 13.

1 DEVOTED unto Thee
By the baptismal sign,
We own that, from the curse set free,
We are for ever Thine.

2 Come in Thy might and love,
Break all resistance down,
All sloth and unbelief remove,
And make our hearts Thy throne.

3 Our whole salvation Thou!
Make us Thine own abode,
Baptize us in Thy Spirit now,
Our Father and our God!

4 This day, O Lord, this hour,
Fill us with love divine;
Put forth Thy sanctifying power,
And make us wholly Thine.

715

L.M.

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Phil. 1. 21.

1 TO me to live let it be Christ,
To me to die will then be gain;

While to that sacred shrine I move

3 Tis done; the great transaction's d
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
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e salvation Thou!
Thine own abode,
n Thy Spirit now

While to that sacred shrine I move.

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5 High heaven, that heard the solem
That vow renewed shall daily hear
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear

C.M.

713 *He shall baptize you with the Holy Gho fire.*—Matt. 3. 11.

1 LORD, Thou hast promised to b
Those in the Holy Ghost,
Whose faith on Thee alone relies,
Thy cross their only boast.

Faith, hope, and love, with every grace,
The panoply of God!

4 So may we, in temptation's hour,
Ourselves the victory win,
And rescue others from the power
Of Satan and of sin.

5 So may we constant gladness feel,
Love God, our Father, more,
And serve with undecaying zeal
Thyself, whom we adore.

6 So may we go from strength to strength,
And daily grow in grace,
Till in Thine image raised at length,
We see Thee face to face.

714

S.M.

Yield yourselves unto God.—Rom. 6. 13.

1 DEVOTED unto Thee
By the baptismal sign,
We own that, from the curse set free,
We are for ever Thine.

2 Come in Thy might and love,
Break all resistance down,
All sloth and unbelief remove,
And make our hearts Thy throne.

3 Our whole salvation Thou!
Make us Thine own abode,
Baptize us in Thy Spirit now,
Our Father and our God!

4 This day, O Lord, this hour,
Fill us with love divine;
Put forth Thy sanctifying power,
And make us wholly Thine.

715

L.M.

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Phil. 1. 21.

1 TO me to live let it be Christ,
To me *to die will then* be gain;

712

L.M.

He went on his way rejoicing.—Acts 8. 39.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 Tis done; the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

713

C.M.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.—Matt. 3. 11.

1 LORD, Thou hast promised to baptize
Those in the Holy Ghost,
Whose faith on Thee alone relies,
Thy cross their only boast.

2 Baptize us in Thy Spirit, Lord,
And in that promised fire,
Which may to us all zeal afford,
All gratitude inspire.

3 Upon us may Thy Spirit place,
As armour for our road,

Faith, hope, and love, with every grace,
The panoply of God!

4 So may we, in temptation's hour,
Ourselves the victory win,
And rescue others from the power
Of Satan and of sin.

5 So may we constant gladness feel,
Love God, our Father, more,
And serve with undecaying zeal
Thyself, whom we adore.

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And daily grow in grace,
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Fill us with love divine;
Put forth Thy sanctifying power,
And make us wholly Thine.

715

L.M.

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Phil. 1. 21.

1 TO me to live let it be Christ,
To me to die will then be gain;

If here into His death baptized,
His resurrection I attain.

2 As He was in the world, let me,
Born from above, my course fulfil;
My meat, my drink, my business be
To do my Heavenly Father's will.

3 So when He comes with glory crowned,
To claim His own and call them His,
I in His likeness shall be found,
For I shall see Him as He is.

C.M.

716 *Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.*
—Col. 3. 3.

1 IMMERSED beneath the closing wave,
We're into death baptized;
And enter thus our Saviour's grave,
Buried with Him that died.

2 With Christ we die! that freed from sin,
With Christ we may arise;
New thoughts, new hopes, new lives, to win,
To fit us for the skies.

3 O Holy Ghost! to us be given!
And all our converse here
Be, waiting for the Lord from heaven,
Till Christ, our Life, appear.

4 And grant our faith the majesty,
The present joy and crown,
With Christ, e'en now, to live on high,
And there with Him sit down.

L.M.

717 *They first gave their own selves to the Lord.*—2 Cor. 8. 5.

1 GLORY to God, whose Spirit draws
Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's cause;

Who thus baptized unto His name,
His goodness and their faith proclaim.

2 For these now added to the host,
Who in their Lord and Saviour boast,
And consecrate to Him their days,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

3 Thus may Thy mighty Spirit draw
All here to love and keep His law,
Themselves His subjects to declare,
And place themselves beneath His care.

4 Lead them at once their Lord to own,
To glory in His cross alone,
And then, baptized, His truth to teach,
His love to share, His heaven to reach.

L.M.

718 *Then they that gladly received His word, were baptized.*
—Acts 2. 41.

1 JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy gospel with success;
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.

2 Those who have now Thy truth confest,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
We, in Thy name, with joy embrace
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them stedfast to the end;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the church above.

C.M.

719 *They commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed.*—Acts 14. 23.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS ORDINANCES—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

(*See also* THE DEATH OF CHRIST.)

L.M.

720 *The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Gal. 6. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

L.M.

721 *Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor.*—2 Cor. 8. 9.

JESUS, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.

Though Lord of all above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

Tis finished! all the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now then we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee.

S.M.

722 *The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*—Isa. 53. 6.

LIKE sheep we went astray
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road,

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,

And did at once His vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

5 I'll give Him, saith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honours long.

723

L.M.

I will sing of mercy.—Ps. 101. 1.

1 I HEAR a sound that comes from far;
It fills my soul with joy and love,
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

2 Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear,
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

3 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

4 With such I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

7s.

724 *Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us.*
—Titus 2. 14.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring
Strike aloud each tuneful string,
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

7s.

725 *I am the living bread which came down from heaven.*
—John 6. 51.

1 BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy cross I look and live:
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

726

C.M.

Greater love hath no man than this.—John 15. 13.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,
"Meet, and remember Me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death! Thy shame,
Our worthless hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name,
But His, recorded there!

727

C.M.

This do in remembrance of Me.—Luke 22. 19.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

728

S.M.

We have redemption through His blood.—Col. 1. 14.

1 WE bless the Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven;
To suffer once to earth He came,
And now He's crowned in heaven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Remembering this, we break the bread,
And, joyful, drink the wine.

3 While we remember Thee,
Lord, in our midst appear;
Let each by faith Thy body see,
While we assemble here.

4 We never would forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love,
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.

5 O let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain,
That word—"Remember Me."

729

8.7.4.

It is finished.—John 19. 30.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finished"—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food:
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
It is finished!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

C.M.

730

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3. 19.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget!

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

L.M.

731

We would see Jesus.—John 12. 21.

1 LORD, in this blest and hallowed hour,
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power,
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,
My Lord and God, the crucified.

2 Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near Thy feet;
And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.

3 Or let me, through the opening skies,
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise;

[illegible]
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

732

7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

Jesus took bread and blessed it.—Matt. 26.

1 JESUS, Master of the feast!
The feast itself Thou art;
Now receive Thy meanest guest,
And comfort every heart!
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down
See us waiting at Thy feet,
And make Thy favour known!

2 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Richly filled with every grace
Our fainting souls can need:
Still sustain us by Thy love;
Still Thy servants' strength repair.

2 While every heart and every tongue
Join to admire the feast,
We each exclaim, with thankful song,
Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

L.M.

734 *Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest.*—Sol. Song 1. 7.

1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do Thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
And to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

Precious drops! my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Beaming from His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much? I've more forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healin
And Himself more fully know

We the dear children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.

3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

4 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

L.M.

737

Is it not the communion of the body of Christ? —1 Cor. 10. 16.

1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His heart:

2 To feed by faith on Christ my Bread,—
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him, my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me;—

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus! in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

4 From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love,
And while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

5 Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face;
For such a moment death were sweet.

6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?

A moment? No; eternity!
They are for ever with the Lord.

C.M.

738 *Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.*—John 13. 9.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side:
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

739 S.M.

His banner over me was love.—Sol. Song 2. 4.

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way,
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee;
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable!

Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

9.8.

40 *The bread of God is He which giveth life unto the world.*—John 6. 33.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:
Look on the hearts by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

8.8.8.4. or L.M.

41 *Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.*—1 Cor. 11. 26.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come!

His body broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so, our feeble love is fed,
Until He come!

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come!

And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last advent we unite;
The shame! the glory! by this rite,
Until He come!

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come!

6 O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

7.6.

742 *And platted a crown of thorns and put it about His head.*—Mark 15. 17.

1 O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thine only crown;
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2 O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine:
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend;
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

C.M.

743 *Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed.*—1 John 3. 1.

1 LORD! at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace,
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place;—

2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified His Son,
And trampled on His blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too."

5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept Thy love;
Tis a rich banquet we have had:
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours!

S.M.

744 *Until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.*—Matt. 26. 29.

1 DEAR Lord, before we part
From Thy sweet earthly feast,
Give us the earnest in our heart
Of Thine eternal rest.

2 Lift up our drooping eyes
To the great banquet there;

And ever for the crowning prize,
Our waiting souls prepare.

3 So each a glorious seat
Shall in Thy kingdom claim,
And there, in heavenly triumph, eat
The Supper of the Lamb.

745

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

Go in peace.—Luke 7. 50.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recal to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray:
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free.
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal:
Now declare us justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

746

7s.

They went out into the mount of Olives.—Matt. 26.

1 LORD we bless Thee, who hast given,
Here on earth, the bread from heaven

Seal to us the full release,
Let us part in all Thy peace.

2 Passing every human thought,
By the Holy Spirit taught,
Deep, divine, unsearchable,
Let Thy peace within us dwell.

3 Let it fill the stedfast soul,
Fortify and keep the whole
In Thy knowledge, in Thy love,
Such as angels have above.

4 Of this holy calm possest,
Here we enter into rest;
Lord! till mortal partings cease,
Give us thus to part in peace.

L.M.

747 *Where I am, there shall also My servant be.*
—John 12. 26.

1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest,
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, and none remove,
There neither life nor death will part
My spirit from Thy perfect love.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS TRIUMPHS.

(*See also* THE DOMINION OF CHRIST.)

L.M.

748 *I will increase them with men like a flock.*—Ezek. 36. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from Thy throne,
And send Thy various blessings down!
While by Thine Israel Thou art sought,
Attend the prayer Thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee!

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise;
That blessing, Lord, is not too great.
Though now we mourn its low estate.

C.M.

749 *Grant us Thy salvation.*—Ps. 85. 7.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.

2 Behold, Thy weary churches wait,
With wistful longing eyes;
Let us no more be desolate;
O bid Thy light arise.

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share.

750

S.M.

The church in the wilderness.—Acts 7. 38.

1 FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won:
The story of the past
Comes up before her view,
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new!

2 Tis the repeated tale
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless:
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
Twas tribulation ages since,
Tis tribulation still:
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil, and through good,
Through pain, and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood:
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

751

S.M.

That Thy way may be known upon earth.—Ps. 67

1 TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine;

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known:
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth!
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

C.M.

752 *Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion.*—Isa. 52. 1.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt Thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the South—Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North.

4 They come, they come; Thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard Thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs Thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

753 7s.

All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.—Ps. 67. 7.

1 GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Show the brightness of Thy face:

Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King!
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live:
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

754

C.M.

Let all the people praise Thee.—Ps. 67. 3.

1 BE merciful to us, O God!
Upon Thy people shine;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are Thine.

2 Give light and comfort to Thine own,
And let that light extend,
Till Thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord!
Let all their homage bring:
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King!

4 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord!
Then earth her fruits shall give:
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

8.7.4.

755 *The days of thy mourning shall be ended.*—Isa. 60. 20.

1 ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
God Himself appears thy Friend!
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redrest;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest:
All Thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

756 C.M.

Thy kingdom come.—Matt. 6. 10.

1 OUR Father, high enthroned above,
With boundless glory crowned,
Thou Source of life, display Thy love
To every nation round.

2 O be Thy will on earth obeyed,
As tis obeyed above;

And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love!

3 Erect Thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad;
Till all Thy chosen millions sing
The praises of their God.

C.M.

757 *Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.*—Ps. 144. 15.

1 SHINE, Mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favoured land.

3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the Sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here;

While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

758

C.M.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Ps. 124. 8.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion pure and mild,
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

759

148th.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.—Ps. 67. 4.

1 RISE, gracious God, and shine,
In all Thy saving might;
And prosper each design,
To spread Thy glorious light:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] hearts,

[illegible]

[illegible] Sovereign Judge,

[illegible] worlds He made,

[illegible] Maker's will.

[illegible]

[illegible] His chosen isle

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759

148th.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.—Ps. 67. 4.

ISE, gracious God, and shine,
In all Thy saving might;
Prosper each design,
And *Thy glorious* light:

Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 O bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise,
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy righteous ways;
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee;
God, our own God, His church will bless,
And earth will teem with fruitfulness.

8.7.4.

760 *The people which sat in darkness saw great light.*
—Matt. 4. 16.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

761 L.M.

And where is the fury of the oppressor.—Isa. 51. 13.

1 O HOLY Father, just and true
Are all Thy works, and words, and ways:
And unto Thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise.

2 As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee;
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God! we come to Thee.

3 For thou hast heard, O God of right!
The sighing of the helpless slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.

4 Speed on Thy work, Lord God of hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from every country's coasts
The anthem of the free to heaven:—

5 Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
As with Thy clouds and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore!

762 C.M.

Boast not against the branches.—Rom. 11. 18.

1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

2 O hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King:
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

3 "And who art thou that mournest me?"
Jerusalem may say,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway!
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft
Of thy wild olive tree!

4 "Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strange their punishment:
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warned be;
Who spared not His chosen seed,
May send His wrath on thee!

5 "Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime;
O turn and seek thy Saviour's face
In this accepted time.
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
A lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
Thy home for ever be."

763

L.M.

God is able to graft them in again.—Rom. 11. 23.

1 O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light:
The severed olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love!

764

C.M.

They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced. Zech. 12. 10.

1 CHILDREN of Zion, know your king,
Your own Messiah hail;
Hosannah in His temple sing,
For He hath rent the veil.

2 Himself the sacrifice for sin,
As your High Priest He died,

With His own blood He entered in,
Behold Him crucified!

3 Behold Him on the mercy-seat,
High in the holiest place;
Now cast yourselves before His feet,
Then rise to see His face.

4 So shall your hearts within you burn,
While, guided by His voice,
With songs to Zion you return,
And in your God rejoice.

5 At His great name bow every knee,
Let every tongue confess,
Christ whom your fathers slew is He,
The Lord your Righteousness.

765 C.M.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt.—Ps. 80. 8.

1 AND is the day of mercy set
On Israel's fallen line?
And canst Thou, gracious Lord, forget
The long-regarded vine?
Thy vine which once from Egypt's sands
To Canaan's fostering dew,
Transported by Thy tender hands,
So fair, so fruitful grew.

2 Like goodliest cedars, wide and vast,
Around her arms were spread,
Deep in the rock her roots she cast,
To heaven she reared her head:
Her fruits from farthest east to west,
With wonder kings surveyed;
And earth, and earth's glad sons, were bles
Beneath her cooling shade.

3 Alas! where once in joy she stood,
Her fences now are bare,

And boars and monsters of the wood
  Her richest clusters tear:
Then turn Thee, Lord, and from above
  Once more in mercy shine,
With looks of pity and of love
  Regard Thy fallen vine.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L.M.

766 *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.*
—Ps. 100. 1.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

767 L.M.

Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Ps. 1. 103.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God!
  Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;

Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace!
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 He sees the oppressor and the oppress,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will His justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

5 His power He showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel His commands;
But sent His truth and mercy down
To all the nations by His Son.

6 Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let the whole earth adore His grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

768

7s.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. 84. 4.

1 BEAUTIFUL, desired, and dear,
Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings here!
How we long for Thine abode!
How our spirits faint for God!
Birds are happy in their nest,
So Thy people find their rest
In their Father's house of prayer;
Blessed are the dwellers there!

2 Blessed are the ways of them,
Seeking loved Jerusalem!

On with eager joy they press,
Cheerful make the wilderness;
Easy, the divided length;
So they go from strength to strength,
Till in Zion's holy shrine,
Each one tastes the joy divine.

3 Like to them, we bring our prayer,
O Thou God of Jacob, hear!
For within the heavenly veil,
Marred by death, by suffering pale,
Our High Priest for ever stands,
See! He lifts His pierced hands!
Mighty pleadings do they wield;
O our God! behold our Shield!

C.M.

769 *Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*
—Ps. 122. 2.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And, while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;

With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

770

6.6.8.

Peace be within thee.—Ps. 122. 8.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
Come let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Hath fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell;

And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

771

S.M.

Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Ps. 122. 1.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For tis a holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door;
While old and young, in many a band,
Shall throng Thy sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace!

772

C.M.

I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy.—Ps. 5. 7.

ONCE more we leave the busy road
Of worldly toil and care,

To worship our Redeemer God,
In His own house of prayer.

2 As strangers in a land of woe
We pass our mortal days;
Yet now and then rejoicings know,
In God's own house of praise.

3 Ye mourning Christians, join the song,
Your harps once more employ;
Remember, as ye pass along,
This is the house of joy.

4 Dear Saviour, in Thy temple shine,
Then shall our souls be blest;
And know and prove the truth divine,
Thine is a house of rest.

5 An emblem of our future bliss,
Thy temple, Lord, we love;
While we anticipate in this
Our Father's house above.

773 148th.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. 84. 4.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

L.M.

774 *In Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.*
—Ps. 5. 7.

1 A*WAY from* every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;

We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near Thy feet.

2 Lord, in the temple of Thy grace,
We see Thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of Thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high;
And faith obtains a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,—
Our conscience galled with inward stings,—
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath His wings.

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within Thy temple, near Thy side;
But since my feet must hence depart,
Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

7s.

775

A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.
—Ps. 84. 10.

1 LORD of hosts, how bright, how fair,
E'en on earth Thy temples are!
Here Thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of Thee.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire
[illegible]plicate Thy throne;
[illegible] Thy glories kn

Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

4 Thus, with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

776

C.M.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles!—Ps. 84. 1.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With His rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
And sheds abroad His grace.

4 There, mighty God, Thy words declare
The secrets of Thy will;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

777

L.M.

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.—Ps. 84. 2.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

778 S.M.

I have loved the habitation of Thy house.—Ps. 26. 8.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

779

7s.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. 84. 4.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh! my spirit longs and faints
For the fellowship of saints;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
n their heavenly Father's breast:
ike the wandering dove that found
o repose on earth around,
ıey can to Thine ark repair,
ıd enjoy it ever there.

ppy souls! their praises flow,
r in this vale of woe;
ters in the desert rise,
ma feeds them from the skies:
hey go from strength to strength
hey see Thy face at length,
hy feet adoring fall
hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

104th.

780 *My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*
—Ps. 84. 2.

1 HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

2 The birds have their home,
They fix on their nest;
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest:
From them fondly learning,
My soul shall take wing;
To Thee so returning,
My God and my King.

3 O happy the choirs
Who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres!
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

4 Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:
The God they rely on
Their strength shall renew,
Till each brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace:
More blest beyond measure
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure
By worldlings enjoyed.

6 The Lord is a Sun,
The Lord is a Shield;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just;
And they shall be blessed
Who make Him their trust.

781 C.M.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Ps. 27. 1.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too,
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

L.M.

782

Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
—Ps. 84. 7.

1 HAPPY the men, in ancient days,
Whose hearts were set on Zion's way
Cheerful along the waste they trod,
To join the assemblies of their God.

2 Still happier they whose souls aspire
To heaven, with hope and strong desire;
And, as their course they thither bend,
On uncreated might depend.

3 From stage to stage, from strength to strength
They go, till they arrive at length
At the Jerusalem above,
There to enjoy the God of love.

4 Immortal life, and joys unknown,
Flow, in full rivers, from the throne;
In His own light our God is seen,
Without one veiling cloud between.

S.M.

783

Blessed are your eyes, for they see.—Matt. 13. 16

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!

Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

8.7.4.

784

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Ps. 103. 2.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like Thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
All His works, bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

785 S.M.

An house of prayer for all people.—Isa. 56. 7.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house His home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dum
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before His throne
Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;—

6 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

786

11.10.

I went into the sanctuary of God.—Ps. 73. 17.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel; [your anguish,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Here dwells the Father; love's waters are streaming [and pure;
Forth from the throne of God, plenteous
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.

3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal:
On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.

4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the stray-
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure, [ing,
Joy of the desolate! tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure."

787

8.7.4.

The Lord is in His holy temple.—Ps. 11. 4.

1 GOD is in His holy temple,
Full of awe let all be here;
Worship Him in truth and spirit,
Reverence Him with godly fear;
Holy! Holy!
Lord of hosts, our Lord appear.

2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the Mercy-seat;

Sinners, come, ye need not tremble!
Fear not thus your God to meet;
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at His feet.

3 Hail Him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround,
Hearken to His glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound!

4 Though the heaven and heaven of heaven
O Thou great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
Hear us! Save us!
God with us—Immanuel.

7s.

788

I will commune with Thee from above the mercy-seat. —Ex. 25. 22.

1 TO Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there;
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the Mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled;
I through Him become Thy child;
Abba, Father! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

L.M.

789

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
—Ps. 100. 1.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

L.M.

790

Serve the Lord with gladness.—Ps. 100. 2.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

791

L.M.

Hosanna.—John 12. 13.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim!

4 But chief, in every cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall pass away;

Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again

792

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.—Rev. 4.8.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we, then, with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Vying with the angelic choir
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagle-wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crowned;
We extol the atoning Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

793

7s.

Who is like unto the Lord our God?—Ps. 113. 5.

1 HALLELUJAH! raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise:
All *His servants join* to sing,
God our Saviour and our King.

2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore:
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations, God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne,
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens He bends;
Yea, to earth He condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the lowliest high in power.

6 He the broken spirit cheers!
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of His ways;
Praise His name, for ever praise.

794

7s.

Blessed be Thy glorious name.—Neh. 9. 5.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No:—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

795

S.M.

Stand up and bless the Lord your God.—Neh. 9. 5.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

796

C.M.

Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion.—Ps. 65. 1.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is Thine;
And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose,
To bring them near Thy face;
Give them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.

4 In answering what Thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just:
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.

797

L.M.

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.
—Ps. 65. 4.

1 PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills:
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

6 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore:
O let Thy love our springtide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

798 L.M.

The Lord God is a Sun and Shield.—Ps. 84. 11.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our Sun; He makes our day:
God is our Shield; He guards our way,
From all the assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;

He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

799 L.M.

I will command My blessing upon you.—Lev. 25. 21

1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confest,
Whom Thou hast joined may none divide,
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.

5 With Thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

800 C.M.

What shall I render unto the Lord?—Ps. 116. 12.

1 I LOVE the Lord! He lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear;
Therefore I love the Lord.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
  From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest.
  His goodness called thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
  My Saviour, in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me,
  So great, so numberless?

This will I do for Thy love's sake,
  And thus Thy power proclaim;
Salvation's joyful cup I take,
  And call upon Thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
  Hear and record my vow,
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
  And at Thine altar bow:—

Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
  With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
  And bless Thee when I die.

801 C.M.

The Lord's throne is in heaven.—Ps. 11. 4.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
  To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
  Where dwells eternal love.

Before the awful throne we bow
  Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
  And hymns of praise we sing.

Thee we adore; and, Lord, to Thee,
  Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
  Conducts to endless day.

And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

C.M.

802 *In My Father's house are many mans*
14. 2.

1 THOUGH nature's temple, larg
Resounds with joyful lays,
From creatures taught to swell th
Of their Creator's praise:—

2 A fairer habitation greets
The Christian's joyful eye,
Where Christ his new-born wishe
And lifts his hopes on high.

3 A calm asylum for the soul
With guilt and fear opprest,
Where mercy waits, as seasons ro
To give the weary rest.

4 The still small voice of heavenly l

6 Lord! with delight my constant feet
To Thine abode would come;
Till death my willing soul shall meet,
And gently waft it home.

803

C.M.

I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy name.—Isa. 25. 1.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways.

2 All nature owns His guardian care,
In Him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love.

3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel men:
Tis here He makes His goodness known,
And gives us life again.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
Tis here our hope relies,
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee:
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to Thine Almighty love
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

804

C.M.

A great multitude, which no man could number.
—Rev. 7. 9.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,

Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The saints' triumphant song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting
Thy victory, O grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

805

112th.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28. 16.

1 LO! God is here, let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who pr
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here; Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring

Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,—
Wealth, pleasure, fame—for Thee alone,
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for Thine own:
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord:
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face.
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
As ceaseless holy sacrifice.

806

7s.

Ye shall seek Me and find Me.—Jer. 29. 13.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;

Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

807

C.M.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord.—Ps. 116. 14.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

808

L.M. or 112th.

Therefore are we all here present before God.—Ac 10. 33.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford:
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

[Thus Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy gospel with success.]

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy:

l may we in Thy faith and fear,
luce to practice what we hear.
her, in us Thy Son reveal,
ch us to know and do Thy will:
saving power and love display,
l guide us to the realms of day.

9 L.M.

Wilt Thou not revive us again?—Ps. 85. 6.

THOU that hearest! let our prayer
Like incense come before Thy face;
old our Intercessor there,
pledge and surety of Thy grace.
idst us, Lord, Thy work revive;
Thine Almighty power be known:
id these dying sinners live,
stubborn bow before Thy throne!
p fix conviction, like a dart,
the galled conscience ne'er to move,
Thou hast won the rebel's heart,
rendered all to grief and love.
iduct the doubtful to Thy feet,
d make the trembling soul rejoice;
crowds around Thy table sit,
d bless Thy name with cheerful voice.

7s.

That they might be saved.—Rom. 10. 1.

VED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
Let us now draw nigh to God:
ny round us blindly stray;
ved with pity, let us pray—
y that they who now are blind
n the way of truth may find.
d, awaken all around,
them know the joyful sound;

Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more;
Lord, we turn our eyes to Thee,
Set the captive sinner free!

3 Glorious things of Thee are told,
What Thine arm has wrought of old;
Thousands once its power confest,
O for seasons like the past!
Lord, revive the former days—
Thine the power and Thine the praise.

811

C.M.

Praise God in His sanctuary.—Ps. 150. 1.

1 IN God's own house pronounce His prai
His grace He there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there His glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse His deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest,
Yet, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise Him best.

812

8.7.

My speech shall distil as the dew.—Deut. 32. 2.

1 AS the dew from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What Thy providence intends;
Let Thy doctrine, Lord! so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by Thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil Thy work of love.

2 Lord! behold Thy congregation,
Precious promises fulfil,
From Thy holy habitation
Let the dew of life distil;
Let our cry come up before Thee,
Sweetest influence shed around;
So Thy people shall adore Thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

813

7s.

Our sufficiency is of God.—2 Cor. 3. 5.

1 SAVIOUR, bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O let sinners hear Thy call,
And Thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success—
Thine the work, the glory Thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send, Thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear Thy voice:—
Hear it, and return to God.

814

C.M.

God giveth the increase.—1 Cor. 3. 7.

1 NOW, Lord! the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it Thy servant's care,
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without Thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
Send down Thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;

Thou, Lord! hast given the rich increa
And be the glory Thine.

8.7.4.

815 *They went unto their tents joyful and glad of*
—1 Kings 8. 66.

1 LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us, each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Rise to reign in endless day!

THE LORD'S DAY.

C.M.

816 *The Sabbath was made for man.*—Mark 2. 27.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose
And sighs her God to seek;
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,

When first that soul-reviving morn
  Beams its new rays of light!
Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
  Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
  A Sabbath o'er my soul.

817 S.M.

Seek those things which are above.—Col. 3. 1.

RISE, heart! thy Lord arose
  With the first morning ray;
Leave far below thy cares and woes;
  It is the rising day!
  Rise with a spirit's love,
  Follow the Master's way,
And seek the things that are above;
  It is Ascension day!
  Mount in the holy light;
  Up! to the calm serene;
To heavenly places take thy flight,
  Where Christ the Lord is seen.
  Ascend where angels soar!
  Pray with them side by side,
And with the white-robed church adore
  Thy Saviour glorified.

S.M.

818 *A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.* Ps. 84. 10.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
  That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome, to this reviving breast,
  And these rejoicing eyes!
  The King Himself comes near,
  And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see Him here,
  And love, *and praise,* and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

819

L.M.

God blessed the seventh day.—Gen. 2. 3.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

C.M.

The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath. —Mark 2. 28.

O ORD of the Sabbath, Thee we praise
In concert with the blest;
ıo, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

ıs, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and happy grow;
hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

This glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
God, the Eternal Word, than when
The universe was made.

rises, who our pardon bought
With grief and pain extreme:
ras great to speak the world from nought,
Twas greater to redeem!

C.M.

This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Ps. 118. 24.

1 HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
; heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

sanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son!
lp us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

st be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;

Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

822

C.M.

He is risen from the dead.—Matt. 28. 7.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God:
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and se
With glad hosannas ring.

823

C.M.

The Sabbath was made for man.—Mark 2. 27.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above,
To nations yet unborn.

C.M.

824

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.
—Ps. 5. 3.

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain *before* my face.

825 7s.

The rest of the holy Sabbath.—Ex. 16. 23.

1 GREAT Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway,
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.

3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

C.M.

826 *A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand* —Ps. 84. 10.

1 BLEST day of God, most calm, most brig
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet day of joy and praise!

2 Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.

3 Welcome, kind Shepherd, to Thy sheep,
Are these sweet tastes of love;
But what a Sabbath shall they keep,
When safe with Thee above!

4 How wise Thy love, how light its chain!
Which binds us to be free,
Cuts short our toil, ensures our gain,
And lifts our souls to Thee.

5 Here, as we sing, and hear, and pray,
And all Thy footsteps trace,
We seem to tread the pleasant way
That leads us to Thy face.

827

C.M.

Early will I seek Thee.—Ps. 63. 1.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision all divine.

4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move:
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As Thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

828

8.8.6.

Peace be within Thy walls.—Ps. 122. 7.

1 THE festal morn, my God is come,
That calls me to Thy honoured dome,
Thy presence to adore:

My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

3 Be peace implored by each on thee;
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How blest who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Zion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God?

L.M.

829 *It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.*
—Ps. 92. 1.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

L.M.

830

A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.
—Ps. 84. 10.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, Thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of Thy presence there.

2 O blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom Thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing Thy never-ceasing praise.

3 One day within Thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state:
The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

4 God is a Sun; our brightest day
From His reviving presence flows;
God is a Shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

5 He pours His kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;

And grace shall guide, and glory crown.
The happy favourites of His care.

6 O Lord of hosts, Thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts Thy love, and seeks Thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on Thee!

L.M.

831 *Unto you shall the Sun of righteousness arise.*
—Mal. 4. 2.

1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Risen on high to set no more;
Shine on us now, to heal and bless
With brighter beams than ere before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In holy robes Thy priests be clad;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.

5 Shine till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The brooding cloud from every eye!
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Day-spring from on high.

6 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light;
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night.

32 S.M.

O come, let us worship and bow down.—Ps. 95. 6.

COME sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

Come worship at His throne;
Come bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod:
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

148th.

33 *When Jesus was risen early the first day of the week.* Mark 16. 9.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven *with* hosannas rings;

And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword;
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

834

L.M.

The Sabbath a delight.—Isa. 58. 13.

1 HOW welcome to the saints, when prest
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile!

2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.

3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon His grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

4 This highly favoured lot is ours—
May we the privilege improve;
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnests of the joys above.

5 We thank Thee for Thy day, O Lord:
Here we Thy promised presence seek;
Open Thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

835

C.M.

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day.—Rev. 1. 10.

1 O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,

Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple Thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 At least until to-morrow wait;
Keep back your harsh control;
To-day ye shall not desecrate
The Sabbath of the soul.

5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
Let restless passions die:
And, cleansed from sin, may we behold
The God of purity!

L.M.

836 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.* Heb. 4. 9.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

837

C.M.

Thou shalt rest.—Dan. 12. 13.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams:
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine:

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains
And take our fill of joy.

838

C.M.

Then face to face.—1 Cor. 13. 12.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold Thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

Release my soul from every chain—
  No more sin's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
  For whom the Saviour bled.

Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
  That gives itself to Thee;
Take all that I possess below,
  And give Thyself to me.

Thy Spirit, O my Father give,
  To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
  To Sabbaths without end.

839 S.M.

Receive not the grace of God in vain.—2 Cor. 6. 1.

THE light of Sabbath eve
  Is fading fast away;
What pleasing record will it leave
  To crown the closing day?

Is it a Sabbath spent
  Fruitless, and vain, and void,
Or have these precious moments lent
  Been faithfully employed?

How dreadful and how drear,
  In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbath seasons lost appear,
  That cannot come again!

God of these blissful hours,
  O may we never dare
To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
  These sacred days of prayer!

840 C.M.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart.—Ps. 119. 11.

THIS sacred day, great God, we close
  With gratitude and love,

L.M.

841 *Mine house shall be called an house o*
people.—Isa. 56. 7.

1 MILLIONS within Thy court
Millions this day before Th
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee the

2 People of many a tribe and tong
Men of strange colours, climates,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glor
And offered prayer with holy ha

3 Soon as the light of morning bro
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to k

4 From east to west, the sun surve
From north to south, adoring th
And still, where evening stretche
The stars came out to hear their

Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.

842

7s.

Abide with us, for it is toward evening.—Luke 24. 23.

HOLY Father! whom we praise
With imperfect accents here:
Ancient of eternal days!
Lord of heaven and earth and air;
Stooping from amid the blaze
Of the flaming seraphim;
Hear and help us, while we raise
This our Sabbath evening hymn.

We have trod Thy temple, Lord;
We have joined the public praise;
We have heard Thy holy word;
We have sought Thy heavenly grace;
All Thy goodness we record,
All our powers to Thee we bring;
Let Thy faithfulness afford
Now the shadow of Thy wing.

We have seen Thy dying love,
Jesus! once for sinners slain;
We would follow Thee above;
We like Thee would rise and reign.
Let revolving Sabbaths prove
Seasons of delight in Thee;
Let Thy presence, Holy Dove,
Fit us for eternity.

843

7s.

The end of the Sabbath.—Matt. 28. 1.

ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,

By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

5 Let These earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

OPENING AND ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

L.M.

844 *We are His people, and the sheep of His pa*
—Ps. 100. 3.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign

Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

L.M.

845 *Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem.* —John 4. 21.

O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

Not now on Zion's height alone,
The favoured worshipper may dwell;
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well:

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung;
To Thee at last in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

7 6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

846 *Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner stone.*—1 Pet. 2. 6.

THOU who hast in Zion laid
The true foundation-stone,

And with those a covenant made
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, Architect divine!
Great Builder of Thy church below
Now upon Thy servants shine,
Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven, Thine awful presence fills;
O'er all, Thy glory reigns.
Yet the place of old prepared
By royal David's favoured Son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood Thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout His courts His praise
His saving name record;
Dedicate a house to Him,
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem;—
The Saviour of mankind!

4 Father, Son, and Spirit! send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend;
Inscribe the living Name;
That great Name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into Thy hands receive;
Our temple make Thy throne!

L.M.

847 *Will God in very deed dwell with men on earth?* —2 Chron. 6. 18.

1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build a temple, Lord, to Thee:

Thine eye be open night and day,
Here to protect Thy sanctuary.

Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!

Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Hosanna! to their heavenly King,—
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

O may Thy glory ne'er depart!
Yet choose not, Lord! this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

C.M.

348 *Neither on this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem.*
—John 4. 21.

NOT in Jerusalem alone,
God hears and answers prayer;
Nor, on Samaria's mountain known,
Dispenses blessings there.

True worshippers may now draw nigh,
Sinners may seek His face;
Assured to meet His ear and eye,
All times in every place.

Hence in the secrecy of thought,
Our silent souls may pray;

Or round the household altar brought,
Begin and close the day.

4 Yet meet it is, and right, and good,
Where He records His name,
To mingle with the multitude,
And His high praise proclaim.

5 There while the Lord their God they bless,
And He shines forth on them,
His church appears in holiness,
Their new Jerusalem.

6 Then let us consecrate to Him,
These walls with love and fear:
God dwelt between the cherubim,
May God in Christ dwell here.

849

C.M.

Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest.—Ps. 132. 8.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo, Thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And, as His kingdom grows,

Fresh honour shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

C.M.

850 *Hear Thou from the heavens their prayer.*—2 Chron. 6. 35.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 May erring minds, that worship here
Be taught the better way:
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

3 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise;
While round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

851 148th.

The household of God.—Eph. 2. 19.

1 GREAT Father of mankind!
We bless the wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place;
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne:
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own:
Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred name,
No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in Thy claim:
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house;
And Thou attend the song
And smile upon their vows:
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

L.M.

852 *Will God indeed dwell on the earth?*—1 Kings 8. 27.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own?

2 These walls we to Thy honour raise!
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

53 C.M.

Let Thy saints shout for joy.—Ps. 132. 9.

THY presence and Thy glories, Lord,
Fill all the realms of space;
O come, and at Thy people's prayer,
Now consecrate this place.

Sacred to Thine eternal Name,
Behold these walls we raise;
Let heralds here Thy truth proclaim,
And saints show forth Thy praise.

This day begins the solemn sound
Of sacred worship here;
This day let joy and peace abound,
And Thou, O God, be near.

Gracious Redeemer, mighty King,
Enter with all Thy train;
Thy choicest blessings with Thee bring,
And long may they remain.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Thou Author of all grace,
Often reveal a Saviour's love
To many in this place.

May thousands in the realms of day,
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
There I was born again.

854 C.M.

Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith—Eph. 6. 23.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Show us some token of Thy love,
Our joyful hopes to raise;

And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

855

L.M.

There I am in the midst of them.—Matt. 18. 20.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet.
There they behold Thy mercy seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;

To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

C.M.

56 *O Lord, I beseech Thee, now send prosperity.*—Ps. 118. 25.

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known:
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's name;
For all, that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

7s.

57 *Thou carrieest them away as with a flood.*—Ps. 90. 5.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,

Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait;
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

C.M.

858 WITH A COLLECTION.

Of Thine own have we often given Thee.—1 Chron. 29. 14.

1 LORD, when our offerings we present
Before Thy gracious throne,
We but return what Thou hast lent,
And give Thee of Thine own.

2 The earth with all its wealth is Thine,
The heavens with all their host;
Why should we then in want repine,
Or in abundance boast?

3 The power and willingness to give
Alike proceed from Thee;

We still are debtors, since we live
  Only by Thy decree.
Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe;
  And, if we come behind
What others of their wealth bestow,
  Accept our willing mind.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

359 L.M.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. 5. 17.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
  In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me!

860 C.M.

I will pray with the spirit.—1 Cor. 14. 15.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexprest;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God;
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

112th.

861 *He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.*—Eph. 1. 6.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies known:
To Thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom Thou art well pleased that we
Thy smiling face should ever see.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through His only name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have,
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him, who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill us with the life of God.

4 Father, behold Thy dying Son!
And hear the blood that speaks above,
On us be all Thy graces shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art!

L.M.

862 *Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.*—Jas. 4. 8.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give,
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,

The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
While Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.

4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sins distress,
The remedy's before thee,—Pray.

5 Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

L.M.

863 *The cherubim of glory shadowing the Mercy-seat.* Heb. 9. 5.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat;
Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads;
A place, than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around our common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;

Or how the hosts of hell defeat
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

O let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-seat!

S.M.

864 *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.* —Heb. 4. 16.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls us near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To those who seek His face, He grants
More than they can express.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
We ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

Abiding in Thy faith,
Our will conformed to Thine,
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

7s.

865 *Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.* —Matt. 7. 7.

PRAYER can mercy's door unlock:
Open, Lord, to us that knock!

Us the heirs of glory seal,
With Thy benediction fill.

2 Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to Thee:
Let us all from Thee receive
Light to see, and life to live.

3 Give the heavy-laden rest,
Shed Thy love in every breast;
Witness all our sins forgiven,
Grant on earth a glimpse of heaven.

866

L.M.

We have an Advocate with the Father.—1 John 2. 1.

1 HOW shall a contrite spirit pray?
A broken heart its griefs make known?
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ alone.

2 He died, that we might die to sin;
He rose, that we to God might rise;
By His own blood He entered in
The holy place beyond the skies.

3 There, as our great High Priest, He stands,
And pleads before the Mercy-seat;
Our cause is in His faithful hands,
Our enemies beneath His feet.

4 Father, in Him we claim our part;
For Thy Son's sake accept us now;
In Him well-pleased Thou always art;
Well-pleased with us through Him be Thou.

5 O look on Thine Anointed One;
The gift of Him is all our plea,
Our righteousness—what He hath done,
Our prayer—His prayer for us to Thee.

6 So, while He intercedes above,
In His dear name may we believe,

And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost soul receive.

S.M.

867 *Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son.* —1 John 1. 3.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here, fix my roving heart!
Here, wait my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

L.M.

868 *God spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.*—Heb. 1. 1.

1 O GOD, who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle or seer;
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?

2 What, though no answering voice is heard
Thine oracles—the written word—
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What, though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known!
Enough the promises reveal:
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To show that prayers accepted rise:
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire:
The Sun is risen—the stars retire:
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire,
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
And by Thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who hearest prayer.

C.M.

869 *The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.*—Ps. 121. 8.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we His love proclaim.

2 'Twas by His bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
Tis by His care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal, in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast, our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family in peace.

L.M.

870

They that feared the Lord spake often one to another —Mal. 3. 16.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

2 To you and us by grace tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

112th.

871

We have fellowship with Him.—1 John 1. 6.

1 STILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home we meet again:

Dreary and long our course may be,
But oh, our God, it leads to Thee!
Thou art the Light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting Home.

2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless!
Earth and its pain we still may feel,
But Thou art ever near to heal;
Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by Thee.

3 Still, as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day;
Onward with firmer steps we come,
On to our everlasting home.

7s.

872 *Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord.*—Ps. 134. 1.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet,
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love,
How He left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love,
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

873

C.M.

The Lord hath done great things for us.—Ps. 126 3.

1 YE servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ;
And as you tread the heavenly road,
Lift up the voice of joy.

2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiven:
Called by a gracious Father's voice
To be the heirs of heaven?

3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains;
And how must sinners joy to know
Their great Deliverer reigns!

4 O grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine;
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us Thine.

5 The Spirit of adoption give:
Teach us with every breath,
To sing Thy praises while we live,
And bless Thy name in death.

874

7s.

To revive the heart of the contrite ones.—Isa 57 15.

1 LORD! there is a throne of grace;
There we now would seek Thy face;
Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks Thee there.

2 Though our language simple be,
Words *are nothing*, Lord, with Thee:

To the broken, contrite heart,
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.

3 Saviour, for us intercede,
While the promises we plead;
And while we the blessings gain,
Thine the glory shall remain.

875

7s.

There am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18. 20.

1 MET again in Jesus' name,
At His feet we humbly bow:
He is evermore the same,
Lo, He waits to meet us now!

2 In His name, if two or three
Meet, and for His mercy call,
There, the Saviour says, I'll be
In the midst to bless you all.

3 You shall never ask in vain,
Though your number be but few;
Firm the promise doth remain,
Lo, I always am with you.

4 Saviour, we believe Thy word,
Calmly wait the promised grace:
Spirit of our risen Lord,
Holy Spirit, fill the place.

876

L.M.

All continued with one accord in prayer.—Acts 1.

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accor
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place.

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

4 Then shall we praise the God of grace,
Who brought our footsteps to this place;
For prayer and praise, with sins forgiven,
Bring bown to earth the bliss of heaven.

8.7.

877

I will come unto thee and I will bless thee.—Exod. 20. 24.

1 HOLY Saviour! Thou hast told us,
When we meet to hear of Thee,
In Thy love Thou wilt behold us,
And amongst us Thou wilt be.

2 Lord of Hosts! to seek Thy blessing,
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing;
Saviour, teach us how to pray.

3 May the words we hear direct us
How to learn and do Thy will,
May Thy Spirit's aid protect us,
And with faith our bosoms fill.

7.7.7.5.

878

Then came Jesus and stood in the midst.—John 20. 19

1 WHERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee;
Gracious Saviour, hear.

2 When, with friends beloved, we stray,
Talking, down the closing day,
Saviour, meet us in the way,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 When amid the gloom of night,
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 In the festive hour, refine
Earthly love to joys divine;
Turn the water into wine,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

5 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief,
Then shall longest nights grow brief,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be visible, indeed,
Gracious Saviour, hear.

879 L.M.

They shall enter into the King's palace.—Ps. 45. 15.

1 JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold;
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 O that the months would roll away
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
His Father's glory all His own.

880

C.M.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11. 1.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray:
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts:
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:—

5 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone:—

6 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay:—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

7 Give these, and then Thy will be done:
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

881

C.M.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11. 1.

1 LORD! when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace on every heart.

3 When our reponsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Let not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

882

S.M.

There am I in the midst of them.—Matt. 18. 20.

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;

rom nature's path we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, Thy grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given:
/e meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

Present we know Thou art,
But oh, Thyself reveal!
ow, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel!

O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
nd bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

S.M.

883 *They lifted up their voice to God with one accord.*
—Acts 4. 24.

O GOD, for ever near!
We humbly will rejoice,
or well we know that Thou art here,
And listening to our voice.

Up to Thy mercy-seat
Tis good for us to go;
or there Thou dost Thy people meet,
Rich blessings to bestow.

And now no longer veiled,
Thy mercy-seat is free;
he great High Priest for man prevailed,
To clear our way to Thee.

O God, for ever near!
We listen to Thy voice;
ur waiting souls would find Thee here,
And in Thy word rejoice.

884 C.M.
Lord help me.—Matt. 15. 25.

) *HELP us, Lord*, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but Thee!
O help us, so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

885

7s.

To the Lord our God belong mercies.—Dan. 9. 9.

1 LORD, have mercy when we pray,
Strength to seek a better way;
When our waking thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew Thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill:
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

3 Lord, have mercy, when we know
First how vain this world below;

When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
Then Thy fostering grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

S.M.

886 *We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.*—Ps. 65. 4.

1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again,
Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed,
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

887 S.M.

Our Father which art in Heaven.—Matt. 6. 9.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow!

2 Thy kingdom come: Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

7s.

888 *As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in Him.*—Col. 2. 6.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope.
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives His praise;
Walk in Him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

3 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love.

4 Sweetly each with each combined,
In His holy service joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

5 Father! still our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see,
Make, O make us meet for Thee.

6 Let us leave the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind:
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness!

7 Saviour! fill us with Thy love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

L.M.

889 *I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.*—John 14. 3.

1 WHILE in the world we yet remain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away:
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

3 Then let us here improve these hours—
Improve them to a Saviour's praise:
To Him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

C.M.

890 *Taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart.*—1 Thess. 2. 17.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do His work below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace;

Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 And let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

6 5.6.5.6.6.6.5.

891

In My Father's house are many mansions.—John 14. 2.

1 WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
When shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour,
There may we all unite
Happy for ever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;

Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
  Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
And songs of praise shall close
  Never, no, never!

7s.

892 *Make you perfect in every good work to do His will.*
—Heb. 13. 21.

1 NOW may He who from the dead
  Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight:
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

7s.

893 *The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.*
—Ps. 145. 18.

1 AS the sun's enlivening eye
  Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine:
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still *in sweet* communion join.

4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Jesus! hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

6 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

7s.

894 *Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.* —Heb. 10. 25.

1 IF tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Meet for endless glory be.

L.M.

895 *Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith.*—Eph. 6. 23.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore:

And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.

3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again—
Let every voice repeat Amen!

896

7s.

He is our peace.—Eph. 2. 14.

1 PART in peace! Christ's life was peace;
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave;
Where all mortal partings cease;
Holy brethren, part in peace!

897

148th.

Be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace. —2 Pet. 3. 14.

1 NOW, Lord, we part awhile,
But, still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do Thy blessed will,
We find our heaven within us still.

2 But we shall meet again
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more,
In the new earth and heavens above,
The world of righteousness and love.

3 O happy, happy day,
That calls Thine exiles home,
When sorrows pass away,
And wanderers cease to roam!

We meekly wait the dread release,
And labour to be found in peace.

8.7.

898. *The God of love and peace shall be with you.*—2 Cor. 13. 11.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8.7.

899 *The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.*—Phil. 4. 7.

1 PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin:
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace! be present near us;
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let Thy sacred kingdom come:
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favoured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

C.M.

900 *Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.*—John 2. 2.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,

O Lord! we ask Thy presence here;
Be Thou our glorious guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:
Their union with Thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

4 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless; Thy peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

7s.

901 *What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.*—Matt. 19. 6.

1 DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love!
Bless Thy servants; on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond to Thee
Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near
To preserve them in Thy fear;
In affliction, let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile!
And when every change is past
Take them to Thyself at last.

C.M.

902 *And they blessed Rebekah.*—Gen. 24. 60.

1 WE join to crave with wishes kind
A blessing, Lord, from Thee,
On those who now the bands have twined,
Which ne'er may broken be.

2 We know that scenes not always bright
May unto them be given;
But let there shine o'er all the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

3 Still hand in hand their journey through
Meek pilgrims may they go,
Mingling their joys as helpmeets true,
And sharing every woe.

4 The Saviour whom they trust, the same
The same their home above;
May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love.

5 And when the solemn hour shall come
Which severs earthly ties,
May hope rise brightening through the gloom
And point to fairer skies!

MORNING AND EVENING.

7.6.

903 *In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.*
—Ps. 5. 3.

1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting springs;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings,
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above;
And tell the pleasing story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication
Well pleased Thou shalt hear:

O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted
Up to Thy bright abode;
There cast my crown before Thee,
When all my woes are o'er;
And day and night adore Thee,
Rejoicing evermore.

L.M.

904

Man goeth forth unto his labour, until the evening.
—Ps. 104. 23.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.

3 May I, like them, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In *Thy sole glory* may unite.

6 *Glory to Thee,* who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

905

L.M.

When I awake I am still with Thee.—Ps. 139. 18.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade;
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more with awe rejoice to be:
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

3 O guide me through the various ways
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

906

L.M.

Do all to the glory of God.—1 Cor. 10. 31.

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost secrets see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

907

C.M.

And there shall be no night there.—Rev. 22. 5.

1 WE that have passed in slumber sweet
Our peaceful resting hours,
And rise the cheerful morn to greet
Anew with freshened powers,
Now lift our hearts, our voices raise,
Our early tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's Almighty King.

2 And as the gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show its pleasant face,—
So will we hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above;—
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

3 God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free;

Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come:—
Lord, be a place, a portion mine
In that bright peaceful home!

C.M.

908 *To shew forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning.*
—Ps. 92. 2.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, our love; awake, our joy;
Awake, our heart and tongue,
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

L.M.

909 *Ye are all the children of light, and of the day.*
—1 Thess. 5. 5.

1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;

New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Will dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more;—content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come or go,
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

910 L.M.

The outgoings of morning and evening.—Ps. 65. 8.

MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days:

Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

L.M.

911 *The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime.*—Ps. 42. 8.

1 WITH Thee, Lord, will I walk by day,
And thankful praise, and trustful pray;
Nor hope from sorrow to be free,
Save as I know repose in Thee.

2 To Thee on each returning night
My soul shall wing her peaceful flight;
And this my morning joy shall be,
That, waking, I am still with Thee.

3 With Thee, the source of life and light
And joys unnumbered, infinite,
Through the bright worlds on worlds that roll,
Sustained by Thee, Creation's Soul.

4 When days and nights have passed away,
And breaks the one eternal day,
O! give me, Lord, to wake and be
Still and for evermore with Thee.

912 L.M.

Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—Ps. 4. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days:
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

913

L.M.

Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. 91. 4.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Celestial joys to me rehearse,
And, thought to thought, with me converse.

6 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire?

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings fl
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C.M.

914 *The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.*—I 121. 7.

1 EACH coming night, O Lord, we se
Another closing stage;
A few short journeys more, and we
Shall rest from pilgrimage.

2 As every day renews its needs,
Thy goodness fills our cup;
From stage to stage Thy wisdom lead
And holds our goings up.

3 Thy hand supplies our daily bread;
Our water, Lord, is sure;
By night Thou compassest our bed,
And bidst us sleep secure.

4 A Father's blessing give this night,
And so shall we be blest;
No evil will our hearts affright,
No danger break our rest.

5 Within the everlasting arms,
Safe folded may we be:
Our slumber shielded from alarms,
Our souls at rest in Thee.

6 And as our sleep is like a death,
So us Thy children keep,
That when we breathe our parting b
Our death may be a sleep.

915 L.M.

I have all and abound.—Phil. 4. 18

1 HOW do Thy mercies close me
For ever be Thy name adore

I blush in all things to abound,
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,—
He had not where to lay His head.

3 But lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard,
He smoothes my bed and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects;—my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade:
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

6 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake,
A helpless soul that trusts in Thee.

7s.

916 *The Lord make His face to shine upon thee.*—Num. 6. 25.

1 GOD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our Light.

2 God the Saviour, be our Peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

3 *Holy Spirit,* deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;

In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

4 Holy Trinity, be nigh!
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live and help to die,—
Lighten all our darkness, Lord!

917

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

The Lord will bless and keep thee.—Num. 6. 24.

1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might:
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe,
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light!
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart,
Bless us to-night.

918

8 7.

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Ps. 91. 10.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save and Thou canst h

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

919 C.M.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.—Ps. 121. 7.

1 O HOLY Father! let my song
Like evening incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To Thy dear cross I flee;
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
Watched over by my loving God,
And on my Saviour's breast.

920

L.M.

He giveth His beloved sleep.—Ps. 127. 2.

1 THE sun is gone;—like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away;
Nor let my sins—a deeper night—
Obscure the lustre of Thy light.

2 O Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
Over my slumbers sentry keep,
And guard me from those fearful foes,
Whose eyes sleep not, though mine may close.

3 That so I may, my due rest wrought,
Awake unto some holy thought;
And my glad soul, once more set free,
Rejoice, that she is still with Thee.

4 Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die;
And then as gently lay my head
Within my grave, as on my bed.

921

L.M.

Abide with us.—Luke 24. 29.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friend sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,

Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

122

8.8.7.

Deliver us from evil.—Luke 11. 4.

FATHER in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free:
Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
Through the day Thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply;

Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

4 Whilst the night dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessed Trinity.

C.M.

923

Ye shall lie down and none shall make you afraid.
—Lev. 26. 6.

1 THOU brightness of the Father's face,
Thou Sun of heavenly day,
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams remove
The soul's dark shades away!

2 The sun is set; the shadowy night
Is reigning in his room;
Continue, Lord, Thy saving help,
And keep us through the gloom.

3 What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,
To Thee our hearts ascend;
Do Thou with Thine Almighty hand
Thy loving saints defend.

4 What though by earthly woes opprest,
The body wearied lies,
Yet may the spirit freely wing
Its passage to the skies.

5 O Thou, who art our only hope,
Thy help we humbly crave:
Defend Thy blood-bought people, Lord,
Whom Jesus died to save.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

924

And Thy faithfulness every night.—Ps. 92. 2

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us;
Wearied we lie down to rest;

Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest,
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose:
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

8.7.

925

The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.
—Ps. 141. 2.

1 ON the dewy breath of even,
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgiving be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

3 Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe, beneath the Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.

5 Lord, when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear;
Let Thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know Thee, feel Thee near.

8s.

926

Are they not all ministering spirits.—Heb. 1. 14.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,

My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me:
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, despatched from the thron
Repair to their stations assigned:
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Their worship no interval knows:
Their fervour is still on the wing:
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join:
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

C.M.

927 *Bring an offering, and come into His courts.*—P 96. 8.

1 THIS is the day to tune with care
Each unseen chord within;
Would we for Sabbaths well prepare,
To-day we should begin.

2 Before the Majesty of heaven,
To-morrow we appear;
No honour half so great is given
Throughout man's sojourn here.

3 We must beforehand lay aside
Our own polluted dress;

And wear the robe of Jesus' bride—
His spotless righteousness.

4 The altar must be cleansed to-day,
Meet for the offered Lamb;
The wood in order we must lay,
And wait to-morrow's flame.

5 Lord of the sacrifice we bring,
To Thee our hopes aspire;
Our Prophet, our High Priest and King!
Send down the sacred fire.

928

S.M.

And the sabbath drew on.—Luke 23. 54.

1 THE hours of evening close;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath-dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care:
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep,
And safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

929

7s.

The day of preparation.—Matt. 27. 62.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day:

Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near!
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

3 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

930

6.7.

To-morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath.—Ex. 16. 23

1 SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, that speaks from high,
With the closing hours is blended,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

2 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
Let thy calmness fill my breast:
Let me even now possess thee:
And anticipate thy rest.

3 Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness:
Bid me quite forget my fear.

4 Clouds on clouds my way may darken:
But thy rainbow beams above,
And the storms and wild winds hearken
To thy still small voice of love.

5 So when life's long week is over,
Blessed it will be to die:

Angels whispering as they hover,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

6 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine:
Rest of God! The sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine.

THE YOUNG.

931 C.M.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm.—Isa. 40. 11.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine:—
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts
If weeping o'er their dust.

5 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
Ye children, seek His face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of His grace.

932 C.M.

Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—Prov. 8. 17.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;

And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

C.M.

933 *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.*—Ps. 8. 2.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great His power is none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.

3 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;

The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my heart obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear the Almighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

934

148th.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.—Rev. 5. 12.

1 SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Shall they adore the Lord
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

4 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation, through His name,
Till the whole world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

935

7s.

Thou hast perfected praise. Matt. 21. 16.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;

Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire;
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

C.M.

936 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven.*—Ps. 19. 6.

1 MY God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So like the sun, may I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

8.7.

937 *I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.*—Ps. 4. 8

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

C.M.

938 *Very early in the morning, the first day of the week.* —Mark 16. 2.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead,
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well;

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear Thy word;
And I would go with cheerful feet,
To learn Thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

939

6s.

The Lord's Day.—Rev. 1. 10.

1 JESUS, we love to meet,
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day;
Thou tender heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day;
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

3 We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard,
On this Thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day.

940

L.M.

Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord.—Ps 93.

1 WHEN to the house of God we go
To hear His word, and sing His love
We ought to worship Him below,
As saints and angels do above.

2 They stand before His presence now,
And praise Him better far than we,
Who only at His footstool bow,
And love Him whom we cannot see.

3 But God is present every where,
And watches all our thoughts and ways;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing His praise.

4 The triflers too, His eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek Him with the heart.

5 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

L.M.

941 *The same day at evening, being the first day of the week* —John 20. 19.

1 LORD, how delightful tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there and still would go,
Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure, nor my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word:
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine:
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

L.M.

942 *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners* —1 Tim. 1. 15.

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die!

3 And more than that, He told them
The things that God would have t
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child

4 But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did su
They nailed them to a cross of wo

5 And so He died!—and this is wh
He came to be a man and die,—
The Bible says He came from hea
That we might have our sins forg

6 He knew how wicked man had be
And knew that God must punish
So, out of pity, Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead

C.M.

943 *Then were there brought unto Him litt*
Matt. 19. 13.

1 YOUNG children once to Jesus

O, then, He will not frown on me,
A poor, unworthy child.

4 If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.

5 Then while, this favour to implore,
My youthful hands are spread,
Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

P.M.

944 *And He put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*—Mark 10. 16.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 If Jesus were here, and would smile on my song,
When to love Him and praise Him I tried,
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
And would press myself close to His side.
And if they should chide me, or send me away,
I would cling to His sheltering knee;
And I'd tell them the words He Himself once did say—
"*Let the little* ones come unto Me."

3 *Yet still to His* footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;

and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly h
I should like them to know there
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them t
I long for the joy of that gloriou
The fairest, and brightest, and
When the dear little children of
Shall crowd to His arms and b

945 7.6.

Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.—1

1 WHEN, His salvation bringin
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise:
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

L.M.

946 *The children crying, Hosanna to the Son of David.* —Matt. 21. 15.

1 THERE was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang
With their exulting jubilee.

2 Oh, to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,
As He—the Man of Grief—went by!

3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in His presence bow:
The humble songs that we can sing,
Oh! will He, can He, hear them now?

4 He can, He will, He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings raise;
Jesus, we come with trembling fear:
O teach our hearts and tongues Thy praise.

5 We join the hosts around Thy throne,
Who once, like us, the desert trod,
And thus we make their song our own—
Hosanna to the Son of God!

947 7s.

There was darkness over all the land.—Matt. 27. 45.

1 LO, at noon tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!

Rocks are rending at the sight!—
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?—
Jesus dies on Calvary!

2 Nailed upon the cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn!
Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3 See, the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side!
Hark! He now has breathed His last!
With a mighty groan He died!
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4 You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved His holy frown;
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down:
Listen, children; this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

5 Come, then, children, come and see;
Lift your little hands to pray;
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty sinner," say
"Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

8.7.

948 *And Jesus increased in favour with God and man.*
—Luke 2. 52.

1 JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still might be!

2 All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

4 Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

5 Help me by Thy word to measure
Every deed and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure,
There to learn what Thou hast taught.

S.M.

949 *Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.* Matt. 3. 8.

1 IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 Tis not enough to say,
"We're sorry and repent,"
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

3 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

4 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

950

C.M.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11. 1.

1 LORD, teach a little child to pray;
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

951

L.M.

I will be a Father unto you.—2 Cor. 6. 18.

1 GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou be r,
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise,
Which such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee,

And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? then at last
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

C.M.

952 *Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.* —Isa. 61. 3.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine;
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

7s.

953 *My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.*—Jer. 3. 4.

1 HEAR we not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?

Children, come! it seems to say:
Give your hearts to Me to-day.

2 Lord, we would remember Thee,
While from pain and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

3 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious Leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

4 Now to Thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us Thy grace divine,
Touch our hearts and make them Thine!

S.M.

954 *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?* —Ps. 119. 9.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to Thee I pray,
O make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know:
O God, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.

5 O let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;

Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what Thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart
And sanctify my mind.

7 May Thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

955 C.M.

O satisfy us early with Thy mercy.—Ps. 90. 14.

1 NOW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 And lest I should be ever led,
Through sinful paths astray,
I would begin, at once, to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretel,
But if the Lord will be my friend
I know that all is well.

4 And Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

5 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

956 C.M.

We are orphans and fatherless.—Lam. 5.

GOD of our fathers, Guide and Friend,
Of those who gave us birth,

O may Thy grace on us descend;
Poor orphans, left on earth,—

2 Left in a world, our parents owned,
A world of sin and woe:
The grace they needed they have found;
That grace on us bestow.

3 To keep us safe from sin and snares,
They sought Thee day by day;
Lord, send an answer to their prayers,
Now they have ceased to pray.

4 Faith in the Saviour soothes the smart
Of life's severest pain;
Nought less sustained our parents' heart
And this can ours sustain.

5 Our wants, our weakness, we confess;
Our souls to Thee commend;—
The Father of the fatherless,
The friendless orphan's Friend.

6 Do Thou whate'er we need provide;
And when temptation lowers,
O keep us near to Thee, our Guide,
Our father's Friend, and ours.

7 So shall we safely reach our home,
And there our kindred own,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
And farewells are unknown.

957 P.M.

The land that is very far off.—Isa. 33. 17.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;

Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?—
Why still delay?
Oh! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free
Lord, we shall live with Thee
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die:
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

958

7.5.7.5.7.7.

A better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. 11. 16.

1 EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder shorter days

They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him!
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There's a happy, glorious place
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

7s.

959 *Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*—Mark 10. 14.

1 CHILDREN'S voices high in heaven
Make sweet music round the throne;
Them, the King of Kings hath given
Glory lasting as His own:
Lord, it was Thy mercy free,
Suffered them to come to Thee.

2 We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing as blest as they,
In the spirit-land ere long:
Lord, let us Thy children be,—
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith and earnest prayer,
Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there:
Lamb of God! our Saviour be,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come! be thou our Guide
Through life's dark and troubled way;
And, when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day:
Then in heaven Thy words shall be,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

960

C.M.

These were redeemed from among men.—Rev. 14. 4.

1 O HAPPY land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell,
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

2 Thou heavenly Friend! Thou heavenly Friend!
O hear us when we pray!
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To Thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

961

C.M.P.

And washed us from our sins in His own blood.—Rev. 1. 5.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand:
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

2 *What brought* them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,

Where all is peace and joy and love?—
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name:
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

7s.

962 *They shall come forward from the east and from the west.*—Luke 13. 29.

1 WHO are they whose little feet,
Passing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat,
They have ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren strand;"
"I from islands of the main:"—

2 All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by;
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky;
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

963 7.6.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. 5. 17.

1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 But if tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

4 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.
Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power *that* has been given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

C.M.

964 *He went up into a mountain apart to pray.*—Matt. 14. 23.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine!
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

7s.

965 *I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.*—Gen. 32. 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow:
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, Thou know'st my name;

Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with Thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

C.M.

966

I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts.— 119. 45.

1 AT length this restless heart is still;
Its griefs, doubts, fears, are flown;
Chased by a firm, resolved will,
To live to Thee alone.

2 To count each hour, each moment Thine,
To spend, be spent for Thee:
And so, in this fair boundless shrine
To *walk at liberty*.

3 *But ah! my best* resolve is frail\
The dewdrop on the flower

Might easier bear the stormy gale,
Than I the tempter's power!

4 The past, the past, reveals how vain
Hath been my holiest vow;
And so, unless Thy grace sustain,
Will prove my purpose now.

5 But O my God! that grace accord,
In every time of need;
Do Thou, a present help, afford
Strength to a trembling reed!

967

C.M.

O that I knew where I might find Him.—Job 23. 3.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He knows the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

968

7s.

Thou knowest that I love Thee.—John 21. 16.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My reign shalt be,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee, and adore—
O for grace to love Thee more!

969

C.M.

A forgetful hearer.—James 1. 25.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain,
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 *How cold* and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!

How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy word success:
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

970

C.M.

He called then.—Mark 10. 49.

1 HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill:
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet He called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,—
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

5 O Thou, that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer!
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow:

What blessed light breaks on my soul!
My God, I hear Thee now!

971

C.M.

Will ye also go away?—John 6. 67.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,—
Alas what numbers do!—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say
Wilt thou forsake Me too?

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in Thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirred,
If I will also go;
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

972

P.M.

My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. 31. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,

And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

7 There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;

There is a cross in every lot,
  And an earnest need for prayer:
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
  Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints,
  There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught the truth
  That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

112th.

73 *I will delight myself in Thy commandments.*—Ps. 119. 47.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
  Thy book be my companion still:
My joy, Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me:
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,

Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

974

7s.

Give us day by day our daily bread.—Luke 11. 3.

1 DAY by day the manna fell,
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make that promise mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

5 O to live with mind subdued!
Yet elate with gratitude;
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer.

975

7s.

Thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.—Ps. 86. 17.

1 LORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine
Lives and walks at liberty.

2 Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright;
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep:
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep.

976 8.8.8.4. or L.M.

Thy will be done.—Matt. 6. 10.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;—
Thy will be done!

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;—
Thy will be done!

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God to Thee I leave the rest;—
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore;—
Thy will be done!

977

It is good for us to draw near to God.—Ps. lxxiii.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

6 Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine:
Joint-heir He maketh me
Of the Divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to Thee,
Nearest to Thee.

978 C.M.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts 21. 14.

1 ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
All-wise, Almighty, and All-good!
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

2 Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around?—
Lord, in my time of wealth
May I remember, that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe,
And back, in gratitude from me,
May all Thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.
And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
The Lord is gracious still.

4 *A pilgrim through* the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possest;

And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.
Write but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above;
Then heart and mind, and strength, and so
Shall love Thee for Thy love.

112th.

979 *Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not evil?*—Job 2. 10.

1 GOD sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove,
With murmurs, those they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

3 Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

C.M.

980 *Why art thou cast down, O my soul?*—Ps. 42. 11.

1 WHY art thou still cast down, my soul?
And why so troubled still?
Behold the power that can control,
Behold the love that will.

2 Then boldly in the fight engage,
Stir up that gift within,

Which God implanted there to wage
Eternal war with sin.

3 Though helpless in thyself and lost,
Yet yield thou not to fear;
Thou goest a warfare at His cost,
Whose help is ever near.

4 And He shall all thy foes subdue,
And banish all thy pain;
And thou shalt taste His love anew,
And praise His name again.

5 For though awhile I wait and grieve,
Shall He not set me free?
A soul that trusts Him will He leave?
It cannot, cannot be.

6 The word in which my hope confides
Is faithful and divine;
And He who spake that word abides,
In Christ, for ever mine.

112th.

981 *He is able to succour them that are tempted.*—Heb. 2. 18.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,

He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

982

C.M.

Hold Thou me up.—Ps. 119. 117.

1 I WILL not mourn my weakness, Lord,
Though ever felt it be;
Nor strength implore Thee to accord,
Except to cling to Thee.

2 Even dear shall be the feebleness,
Howe'er it wake alarm,
That makes me close and closer press
Where none shall ever harm.

3 The strength that fain would go alone,
Too often have I tried;

To fall as some weak infant prone,
That leaves its mother's side.

4 Or like the tender bird that thinks
On soaring wing to rise,
And quits the bough, but only sinks
The farther from the skies.

5 Now all I seek, ere love enfold
Beyond the reach of harm,
Is just enough of strength to hold
The Everlasting Arm.

C.M.

983 *I wait for the Lord, and in His word do I hope.*
—Ps. 130. 5.

1 MY Saviour, on Thy word of truth,
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.

2 In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay;
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.

3 It is not as Thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust:

4 Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
The lowly and the meek,
That fulness which Thine own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

5 Then, O my Saviour, on my soul
Cast down but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand,
In tender mercy laid.

6 And while I wait for all Thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,

Beneath its sacred fold :—
Thou didst own her mute appeal,
Who besought Thy power to heal

2 Earthly robes which Thou didst w
Thy glories to enshroud,
Could remedial virtue bear
To one among the crowd :—
More than mortal help I crave,
Now Thou art enthroned to save.

3 That bright raiment I would seek
Dyed in the atoning flood,
Which can peace and pardon spe
Thy vesture dipped in blood :
Here my hope its refuge holds ;
Hide me in its sheltering folds.

4 Mediating Priest above !
My languid spirit faints
For that suit of joy and love—
The righteousness of saints :
Great Redeemer ! clothe me in

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsting still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me!

My heart is resting on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;—
Who draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

36 C.M.

I will take the cup of salvation.—Ps. 116. 13.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 I cannot serve Him as I ought;
Nothing have I to give;
But I would love in every thought,
And to His glory live.

987 112th.

He weakened my strength in the way.—Ps. 102. 23.

1 I WEEP, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know:
Lord I believe, assuage my grief,
And help, O help my unbelief!

2 My days of youth and health are o'er,
My early friends are dead and gone;
And there are times it tries me sore,
To think I'm left on earth alone;
But then faith whispers, "Tis not so.
He will not leave nor let Thee go."

3 Blind eyes! fond heart! that vainly sought
Enduring bliss in things of earth!
Remembering but with transient thought,
My heavenly home, my second birth,
Till God in mercy broke at last
The bonds that held me down so fast.

4 As link by link was rent away,
My heart wept blood, so sharp the pain;
But I have lived to count, this day,
That temporal loss, eternal gain:
For all that once detained me here
Now draws me to a holier sphere:—

5 A holier sphere, a happier place,
Where I shall know as I am known,
And see my Saviour face to face,
And meet, rejoicing, round His throne,

The faithful few, made perfect there,
From earthly stain and mortal care.

C.M.

988 *Behold Thou hast made my days as an handbreath.* —Ps. 39. 5.

1 I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this trouble fell.

2 These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost,—
Can I but turn to Thee;
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

3 If thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee;
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now!

C.M.

989 *My soul thirsteth for God.*—Ps. 42. 2.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
In majesty divine!

3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with crowds of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent:

4 When I advanced, with songs of praise
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful, sacred throng
That kept the festal day.

5 But now my soul's cast down, O God!
Yet thinks on Zion still;
From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's heights
And Mizar's lowly hill.

6 And when Thy presence, Lord of life!
Has once dispelled this storm,
To Thee I'll grateful anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

990 C.M.

So as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary.—Ps. 63. 2.

1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts! this day
Around Thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

2 They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise:

4 For Thou art in their midst to teach,
When on Thy name they call;
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
Oh! hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?

6 The dew lies thick upon the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

7 Behold Thy prisoner!—loose my bands,
If tis Thy gracious will;
If not, contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still!

8 I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

9 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

10 O make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me—and give me peace.

L.M.

991 *At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee.* Ps. 119. 62.

1 MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take:
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from things impure.

2 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 All praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

4 Blest Jesus, Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent:
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

5 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart:
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart:
One ray of Thine all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

6 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice:
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

C.M.

992 "*Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.*"—Matt. 14. 27.

1 THY presence, Lord, hath been my stay
In health and strength; and when
Health, strength, and life too, fast decay,
O grant Thy presence then!

2 The voice which once in mercy said,
As o'er the billowy tide
It came, "Tis I, be not afraid,"
And fears were cast aside;—

3 That voice beside my dying bed
Must whisper still, "Tis I;"
Or, filled with overwhelming dread,
I dare not, cannot die!

4 But let me those glad accents hear,
And then, though tempests roar,
And the big waves roll dark and drear,
Fearless I'll quit the shore!

7.6.

993 *Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death.*—2 Tim. 1. 10.

1 AH! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day:

2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

3 He once a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled;
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruise Him in my stead.

4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am:
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

5 To Him by grace united,
I joy in Him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold Him on His throne.

6 There He is interceding
For all who on Him rest:
The grace from Him proceeding,
Shall lead me to His breast.

7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

7.6.

994 *Shortly I must put off this my tabernacle.*—2 Pet. 1. 14.

1 THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away;"
The day in night declining,
Says I too must decline;
The year is life resigning—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The love to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me sing—
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin!"

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation;
An exile, to his home:
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

995 10s.
Abide with me, for it is toward evening.—Luke 24. 29.

1 ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me;

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me;

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain *shadows* flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

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ate.	Pyrton.	347 Westmoreland.	Irish.
uin.	Jackson's.	348 St. Michael's.	Bishopsthorpe
thew's.	Prospect.	349 St. James's.	Suffolk.
.	Arlington.	350 Gilead.	Balclutha.
s.	Milan.	351 Luther's Hymn.	Luther's.
n.	Warrington.	352 Trumpet.	Jubilee.
ham.	Hensbury.	353 Turin.	Eglon.
s.	Paddington.	354 Portuguese Hy.	Geard.
	Northampton.	355 Naples.	Pyrton.
g Hymn.	Winslow.	356 Psalm 104.	Landsown.
	Edenbridge.	357 Dorking.	Luther's.
phraim.	Falcon Street.	358 Lebanon.	Portugal New

NO.		
359	Lichfield.	London.
360	Tiverton.	Bedford.
361	Windsor.	Abridge.
362	St. Dunstan's.	Aynhoe.
363	Woolstanton.	Bramcoate.
364	Caton.	Angel's Hymn.
365	St. Mary's.	Canterbury.
366	St. Mary's.	French.
367	Naseby.	Bride's.
368	St. Ann's.	Bedford.
369	Babylon's Strms.	Penitents.
370	St. James's.	Martyrdom.
371	Tyne.	Remembrance.
372	Old 112th Psalm.	Ilford.
373	Oldham.	Tooley Street.
374	Hotham.	Syria.
375	Antwerp.	New York.
376	Westham.	Axbridge.
377	Brunswick.	Devizes.
378	St. Bride's.	Sarah.
379	Snowsfields.	Westbury Lgh.
380	St. Bride's.	Isaiah.
381	Ulverston.	Penitents.
382	Montgomery.	Rockingham.
383	German Hymn.	Angels' Hymn.
384	Charmouth.	Mary's.
385	Prestwich.	Ballerma.
386	Psalm 100.	Old Hundredth
387	St. Bride's.	Keswick.
388	Portland.	Rest.
389	Hotham.	Syria.
390	Worcester.	Clarendon.
391	Wandsworth.	Kemsey.
392	St. Paul.	Portugal.
393	Syracuse.	Prestwich.
394	Naples.	Oswestry.
395	Neapolis.	Melbourne.
396	Naseby.	Shirland.
397	Athens.	London.
398	Patmos.	Stephen's.
399	Ipswich.	Carlisle.
400	Melcombe.	Bampton.
401	Verona.	Portugal.
402	Solicitude.	Stoel.
403	Cana.	Madrid.
404	Neapolis.	Bredby.
405	Psalm 100.	Old Hundredth
406	Plymouth Dock.	Gloucester.
407	Hotham.	Bath Abbey.
408	Corinth.	Divine Love.
409	Mornington.	Westminster.
410	Peterborough.	Salem.
411	Blandford.	Bermondsey.
412	Bonchurch.	Dulwich.
413	Montgomery.	Canada.
414	Wurtemberg.	Java.
415	Bonchurch.	Hodnet.
416	Waterstock.	Carmarthen N.
417	Mount Ephraim.	Arran.
418	Shirland.	Paddington.
419	Ipswich.	Shirland.
420	Amsterdam.	Palestina.
421	Kingsland.	French.
422	Wiltshire.	Cambridge Nw
423	Falmouth.	Sarah.

NO.		
424	Dort.	Clarendon.
425	Havannah.	Arlington.
426	Hereford.	Westbury L
427	Canada.	Carey's.
428	Christchurch.	Compassion.
429	Harts.	Chiswick.
430	Prestwich.	Ashley.
431	Chimes.	Carr's Lane.
432	Burford.	James's.
433	Samaria.	Winter's.
434	Neapolis.	Rockingham
435	Psalm 104.	Hanover.
436	Tabernacle.	Devizes.
437	Naples.	Norwich.
438	Stephen's.	Harrington.
439	St. Paul's.	Boyce.
440	Hotham.	Bath Abbey.
441	Bryngias.	Abingdon.
442	Caton.	Comfort.
443	Prestwich.	Welah's.
444	Pyrton.	Ulverstone.
445	Harlow.	Malta.
446	Kiel.	Milan.
447	Morning Hymn.	Wareham.
448	Naples.	Montgomery
449	Chichester.	Divine Love.
450	Turin.	Wells.
451	Peterborough.	Martyrdom.
452	Corinth.	Chichester.
453	Prague.	Arran.
454	Melita.	
455	Abingdon.	Staughton.
456	Bedford.	Lawford.
457	St. Stephen's.	Axbridge.
458	Prestwich.	Auburn.
459	St. Michael.	Staughton.
460	Philippi.	Arlington.
461	St. Matthew.	Palestine.
462	Eversley.	Bath Chap
463	Worcester.	Praise.
464	Adelphi.	Warwick.
465	Chichester.	Queenbor
466	Brunswick.	Ballerma
467	Salem.	Smyrna.
468	Solicitude.	Milan.
469	New College.	Montgon
470	Patmos.	Penitent
471	Morrington.	Carlisle.
472	Prague.	Shirland
473	Oldham.	Remem
474	Northampton.	Liverpo
475	Stoel.	Cookha
476	Worcester.	Southa
477	Mansfield.	Edenbr
478	Salem.	Carr's I
479	Tarsus.	Arabia
480	Peckham.	Matthi
481	Burford.	Ann's.
482	Bethany	Londo
483	Harlow.	Harth
484	Manchester.	Carr's
485	Coombe.	Comfo
486	Kingsland.	Know
487	Lonsdale.	Pray
488	Morley.	We

No.		
489	Kirkdale.	Falcon Street.
490	Havannah.	St. Magnus.
491	Stephens.	New York.
492	Eversley.	Harrington.
493	Sion.	New Jerusalem
494	Woolstanton.	Pyrton.
495	Ipswich.	Arran.
496	Fanworth.	Matthias.
497	Solicitude.	Kiel.
498	Northampton.	Lancaster.
499	Portugal New.	Proclamation.
500	Munich.	Milan.
501	Melcombe.	Babylon Strms.
502	Kiel.	Milan.
503	Old 112th Psalm.	Eaton.
504	Azotus.	
505	St. James.	Abridge.
506	Samaria.	Battishill.
507	Curfew.	Canterbury.
508	Munich.	Kettering.
509	Shirland.	Sarah.
510	Damascus.	Baden.
511	Abridge.	Bedford.
512	Dorking.	Lubeck.
513	Burford.	Abridge.
514	Darlington.	Berwick.
515	Nottingham.	Providence.
516	Chimes.	New York.
517	St. Magnus.	London.
518	Naseby.	Keswick.
519	Naseby.	Arran.
520	Mysia.	Adelphi.
521	Stoel.	Theodora.
522	Evans.	London.
523	Rest.	Wells.
524	Shirland.	Compassion.
525	Old 112th.	Carey's.
526	Caton.	Rockingham.
527	Sutton.	Prague.
528	Kettering.	German Hymn.
529	Milan.	Corydon.
530	Falcon Street.	Margate.
531	Montgomery.	Tranquillity.
532	Prestwich.	Warwick.
533	Waterstock.	Darwell's.
534	Kiel.	Cookham.
535	Prestwich.	Devizes.
536	Wareham.	Ulverstone.
537	Philadelphia.	Boyce.
538	Windsor.	Arnolds.
539	Islington.	Canada.
540	Adoraim.	Bromley.
541	Eastham.	Ebenezer New.
542	Joppa.	
543	Crowle.	Walsal.
544	Gethsemane.	Wareham.
545	Weymouth.	Clarke's.
546	Salisbury.	Mariner's.
547	Northampton.	Bedford.
548	Mysia.	Arlington.
549	Wurtemberg.	Rockingham.
550	Milan.	German Hymn.
551		
552	Mansfield.	Edenbridge.
553	Llanberris.	Bradford.

No.		
554	Devonport.	Harts.
555	Chester.	London.
556	Northampton.	Lancaster.
557	St. Michael's.	Furman.
558	Marpurg.	Saunderstead.
559	Charlestown.	Bishopthorpe.
560	Bexley.	George's.
561	Solicitude.	Chelmsford.
562	Israel.	Balclutha.
563	Salem.	Arundel.
564	Chichester.	Nuremberg.
565	Maidstone.	Eversley.
566	Tabernacle.	Beckington.
567	Staughton.	Smyrna.
568	Darlington.	Berwick.
569	Prague.	Shirland.
570	Harlow.	Beckington.
571	Chichester.	Benediction.
572	Wandsworth.	Remembrance.
573	Prestwich.	Ballerma.
574	Braintree.	New York.
575	Milan.	Kiel.
576	Portugal.	Remembrance.
577	Turin.	Rest.
578	Chimes.	Jerusalem.
579	St. Thomas.	Clarendon.
580	Walworth.	Malta.
581	Adelphi.	Arlington.
582	Naseby.	Matthias.
583	New Sabbath.	Kemsey.
584	Dorking.	Lubeck.
585		
586	Philadelphia.	Warrington.
587	St. Thomas.	Snowdonia.
588		
589	Beverley.	Hodnet.
590	Kedron.	Praise.
591	Chester.	Arlington.
592	Exeter.	Compassion.
593	Doversdale.	Balclutha.
594	Evening Hymn.	Peter's.
595	Honiton.	Boyce.
596	Epping.	Welsh's.
597	Kidbrook.	Northampton.
598	Lonsdale.	Lonsdale.
599	Amsterdam.	Palestrina.
600	Newbury.	Revelation.
601	Abridge.	Lawford.
602	Clifton.	Arlington.
603	Walsal.	Revelation.
604	Blandford.	Bermondsey.
605		Pope's Ode.
606	Tyne.	Remembrance.
607	Eversley.	Devizes.
608	Blair Athol.	Sanctus.
609	Plumstead.	Melbourne.
610	Galilee.	Immortality.
611	Westminster New.	Jackson's.
612	Portsea.	Repose.
613	Blair Athol.	Syria.
614	Hotham.	Bath Abbey.
615	Byzantium.	Bedford.
616	Westminster New.	Ann's.
617	Matthews.	Farringdon.
618	Chicago.	Angel's Hymn

No.		
619	Lichfield.	Prospect.
620	St. Vedast.	Egypt.
621	Canada.	Eaton.
622	Ilon.	Ridgeware.
623	Lathbury.	Kemsey.
624	Bethany.	Jerusalem.
625	Christchurch.	Westminster.
626	Peckham.	Arran.
627	Charlestown.	Evans's.
628	Gordon.	Farrington.
629	86th.	Cherrifton.
630	Dorking.	Lubeck.
631	Nottingham.	London.
632	Kiel.	Theodora.
633	Helmsley.	Calcutta.
634	Havannah.	Ann's.
635	Ipswich.	Bridge.
636	Everley.	Welsh's.
637	Warwick.	Broomsgrove.
638	Edinburgh.	Ridgeware.
639	Lystra.	Devizes.
640	Morley.	Malta.
641	Damascus.	Baden.
642	Mansfield.	St. Michael's.
643	Truro.	Madrid.
644	Northampton.	Salem.
645	Philadelphia.	Wareham.
646	Peckham.	Matthias.
647	Troas.	Smyrna.
648	Sidmouth.	Carlisle.
649	Devonport.	Ceylon.
650	Scarborough.	Hotham.
651	Neapolis.	China.
652	Epping.	Carr's Lane.
653	York.	London.
654	Westbury.	Warrington.
655	Hungary.	Portugal New.
656	Doversdale.	Naples.
657	St. Mark's.	S. Petersburgh.
658	Ipswich.	Falcon Street.
659	Prague.	Mansfield.
660	Arnsby.	Irish.
661	Gloucester.	Anticipation.
662	Amsterdam.	Dartford.
663	Genoa.	New Sabbath.
664	Chichester.	Haydn's.
665	St. Matthew.	Great Milton.
666	New Sabbath.	Montgomery.
667	Amersham.	Mt. Ephraim.
668	Devizes.	Liverpool.
669	Lewes.	Mt. of Olives.
670	Byzantium.	Salem.
671	Eversley.	St. Gregory.
672	Corinth.	Divine Love.
673	Islington.	China.
674	Israel.	Naples.
675	Doversdale.	Balclutha.
676	Welby.	Ann's.
677	Syracuse.	St. Gregory.
678	Neapolis.	Warrington.
679	Montgomery.	Wareham.
680	St. Mark's.	Norwich.
681	Doversdale.	Bramcote.
682	Naseby.	Matthias.
683	Guernsey.	Brussels.

NO.		
684	Solicitude.	Cookham.
685	Honiton.	Mendon.
686	Neapolis.	Kensey.
687	Ashley.	Smyrna.
688	Coombs.	Truro.
689	Melcombe.	Melbourne.
690	Bedford.	Adelphi.
691	Bethany.	Abridge.
692	Carlisle.	Bradley Ch.
693	Holstein.	Arran.
694	Abridge.	Ann's.
695	York.	Axbridge.
696	Prestwich.	Harrington
697	Falcon Street.	Pakefield.
698	Bexley.	Jerusalem.
699	Wittemberg.	Hodnet.
700	Lonsdale.	Reuben.
701	Adelphi.	New York.
702	Milan.	Harts.
703	Corinth.	Benediction.
704	Patmos.	Axbridge.
705	Lewes.	Calcutta.
706	Walworth.	Arnold's.
707	London New.	Jackson's.
708	Peterborough.	China.
709	Havannah.	Poland.
710	St. James's.	Beckington.
711	Newcourt.	Martin's Lane.
712	Woolstanton.	Pancras.
713	Abingdon.	Gainsborough.
714	Silverdale.	Cambridge.
715	Ulverstone.	Melcombe.
716	Tabernacle.	New York.
717	Warrington.	Montgomery.
718	Thyatira.	Truro.
719	Brading.	New York.
720	Bostock.	Bonn.
721	Alsace.	Kent.
722	Falmouth.	Isaiah.
723	Gilead.	Melcombe.
724	Hart's.	Ceylon.
725	Portland.	Well's.
726	St. Matthew's.	Beckington.
727	Welby.	Mt. Calvary.
728	Mornington.	Westminster.
729	Ephesus.	Calvary.
730	Arlington.	Condescension.
731	St. Peter's.	Rockingham.
732	Amsterdam.	Abbotsford.
733	York.	Abridge.
734	Lavendon.	Kemsey.
735	Baun.	Chichester.
736	Gosport.	Compassion.
737	Neapolis.	Comfort.
738	Arlington.	Ann's.
739	Shirland.	Fernyside.
740	Kensington.	
741	Psalm 100.	Old Hundredth.
742	Wittemberg.	Bradford.
743	Clitheroe.	Irish.
744	Attalia.	Fonthill Abbey.
745	Beverley.	Mutford.
746	Kelvedon.	Melchisedec.
747	St. Pancras.	Odem.
748	Melcombe.	St. Paul's.

pi.	Harborough.
len's.	Lonsdale.
t Ephraim.	Arran.
ury.	Jerusalem.
.	Rest.
s.	Hensbury.
s.	Alma.
on New.	Liverpool.
ridge New.	Missionary.
nouth.	Jackson's.
rstock.	Grove.
ic.	Calcutta.
ombe.	New Sabbath.
wich Com.	Palestine.
ham.	Pyrton.
es.	Tiverton.
atthew's.	Great Milton.
gomery.	Alfred.
ington.	Norfolk.
abeus.	Bath Abbey.
t Pleasant.	Zion Church.
se.	John's.
n Street.	Pernyside.
es.	Smyrna.
rection.	Darwell's.
s.	Melcombe.
ring.	Theodora.
wich.	Worship.
s.	Eaton.
ashire.	Matthias.
am.	Syria.
guese Hy.	Landsdowne.
es.	Bath Chapel.
ington.	Kemsey.
lale.	Matthias.
sley.	Alma.
sham.	Pakefield.
a.	
ry.	Mariner's.
	Melchisedec.
100.	Old Hundredth.
100.	Old Hundredth.
ton.	Tranquillity.
erdam.	Abbotsford.
.	Hart's.
ria.	Hart's.
tchurch.	Peckham.
ley.	Beckington.
ourt.	Comfort.
mbe.	Peru.
ham.	Boyce.
borough.	Bath Chapel.
.	London.
pi.	Beckington.
ley.	Auburn.
hire.	Mt. Pleasant.
outh Dock.	Eaton.
h.	Kiel.
ngham.	Carr's Lane.
la.	Eaton.
ncras.	Babylon Strms.
.	Wells.
ridge New.	Harborough.
h.	Benediction.
	Battishill.

NO.		
814	Westham.	Clifton.
815	Leipsig.	Helmsley.
816	Charmouth.	Martyrdom.
817	Mansfield.	Carlisle.
818	Kirkdale.	Mansfield.
819	Bridgwater.	Newport.
820	Havannah.	Carr's Lane.
821	Tabernacle.	St. Magnus.
822	Clitheroe.	Hensbury.
823	Walworth.	New York.
824	Philippi.	Mt. Pleasant.
825	Turin.	Wells.
826	Arlington.	Salem.
827	Prestwich.	Warwick.
828	Worcester.	Praise.
829	New Sabbath.	Samson.
830	Coombs.	Truro.
831	Warrington.	Truro.
832	Amersham.	Falcon Street.
833	Trumpet.	Burnham.
834	Oswestry.	China.
835	Staughton.	Warwick.
836	Philadelphia.	Neapolis.
837	Adelphi.	Irish.
838	Windsor.	Arnold's.
839	Prague.	Reuben.
840	Nottingham.	Abingdon.
841	Zorah.	Montgomery.
842	Hotham.	Sanctus.
843	Kiel.	Hopton.
844	Berea.	OldHundredth.
845	Coombs.	Lawford.
846	Beverley.	Mutford.
847	Carey's.	Rockingham.
848	London New.	Eversley.
849	Maidstone.	Stephen's.
850	St. James's.	Irish.
851	St. Thomas.	Grove.
852	Altona.	Melcombe.
853	Cambridge New.	Welsh's.
854	Patmos.	Malta.
855	Evening Hymn.	Pyrton.
856	Eastham.	Carr's Lane.
857	Hotham.	Syria.
858	St. Ann's.	Abridge.
859	Melcombe.	Rockingham.
860	Harlow.	Arlington.
861	Gloucester.	Berwick.
862	Ulverston.	Kemsey.
863	Caton.	Rockingham.
864	Hopkins.	Prague.
865	Kettering.	German Hymn.
866	Wareham.	Balclutha.
867	Devonshire Sq.	Carlisle.
868	St. Pancras.	Bonn.
869	Chester.	St. Magnus.
870	Warrington.	Montgomery.
871	Plymouth Dock.	Anticipation.
872	Devonport.	Kettering.
873	Byzantium.	Jackson's.
874	Kiel.	Milan.
875	Stoel.	Milan.
876	Ulverston.	Oswestry.
877	Sicilian Mariner's.	Kingston.
878	Azotus.	

NO.		
879	Portugal.	Boyce.
880	Nottingham.	St. Magnus.
881	Tabernacle.	Canterbury.
882	Ipswich.	Mt. Ephraim.
883	Shirland.	Compassion.
884	Devizes.	Abingdon.
885	Blair Athol.	Sanctus.
886	Prague.	Snowfield.
887	Amersham.	Sarah.
888	Kettering.	Kiel.
889	Islington.	Portugal New.
890	Mount Pleasant.	Eversley.
891		
892	Kiel.	Wrotham.
893	Stoel.	Ceylon.
894	Turin.	Wells.
895	Verona.	Montgomery.
896	Solicitude.	Milan.
897	Resurrection.	Finsbury.
898	Chichester.	Benediction.
899	Corinth.	Benediction.
900	Lystra.	Prestwich.
901	Cana.	Wells.
902	Staughton.	Arnold's.
903	Bonchurch.	Bradford.
904	Adoraim.	Morning Hy.
905	Hungary.	Comfort.
906	Carey's.	Mendon.
907	Arlington.	Bath Chapel.
908	Liverpool.	Belgium.
909	Islington.	Truro.
910	Naples.	Montgomery.
911	Wells.	Pyrton.
912	Evening Hymn.	Pyrton.
913	Neapolis.	EveningHymn.
914	Abridge.	Stephen's.
915	Wareham.	Comfort.
916	Harts.	Theodora.
917	Blandford.	Bermondsey.
918	Corinth.	Benediction.
919	Charmouth.	Ballerma.
920	Coombs's.	Bonn.
921	Caton.	Remembrance.
922		
923	Fulham.	Liverpool.
924	Dorking.	Lubeck.
925	Norwood.	Kingston.
926	Sion.	NewJerusalem.
927	St. Ann's.	Abridge.
928	Farnworth.	Shirland.
929	Turin.	Rest.
930	Hebron.	Kingston.
931	Stephen's.	Smyrna.
932	Mt. Pleasant.	Troyford.
933	Eastham.	Broomsgrove.
934	St. Thomas's.	Burnham.
935	Devonport.	Theodora.
936	Adelphi.	Harrington.
937	Sicilian Mariner's.	Repose.
938	Nottingham.	Arundel.
939	Llanberris.	Hodnet.
940	Wareham.	Java.
941	Portugal.	China.
942	Berea.	Kemsey.
943	Prestwich.	Harborough.
944		Knapton.
945	Wittemberg.	Bradford.
946	Neapolis.	Peru.
947	Turin.	Madrid.
948	Norwood.	Kingston.
949	Mansfield.	Carlisle.
950	Devizes.	Bromsgrove.
951	Doversdale.	Montgomery.
952	St. Matthew's.	Palestine.
953	Solicitude.	German Hym
954	Kirkdale.	Shirland.
955	Cambridge New.	Warwick.
956	Bath Chapel.	Welsh's.
957		
958		
959	Rest.	St. Austin's.
960	Wlwich Common.	Palestine.
961		
962	Alfreton.	Syria.
963	Bonchurch.	Bradford.
964	Brading.	Bedford.
965	Munich.	Theodora.
966	London New.	Beckington.
967	Crowle.	Ballerma.
968	Milan.	Wrotham.
969	Salem.	Northampton
970	Staughton.	Carr's Lane.
971	Antwerp.	Sprowston.
972		
973	Darlington.	Eaton.
974	Kiel.	German Hy.
975	Harts.	Hopton.
976	Psalm 100.	Old Hundred
977		
978	St. Matthew's.	Milton.
979	Carey's.	Berwick.
980	Nottingham.	St. Magnus.
981	Old 112th Psalm.	Carey's.
982	Arlington.	Martyrdom.
983	Adelphi.	Beckington.
984	St. Faith's.	Sarepta.
985	Philippi.	Gainsborough
986	Eastham.	Eversley.
987	Old 112th.	Eaton.
988	St. Matthew's.	Prospect.
989	Mysia.	Prestwich.
990	Cambridge New.	George's.
991	Morning Hymn.	Montgomery
992	Havannah.	Carr's Lane.
993	Dulwich.	Grange Road
994	Wittemberg.	Bradford.
995	Gibeon.	
996	Plymouth Dock.	Avards.
997	Babylon Strms.	Melbourne.
998	Gloucester.	Carey's.
999	Charmouth.	Canterbury.
1000	Coombs's.	Kemsey.

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